

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALPHONSE KARR.

For some time past it has been our intention to devote a few pages to the examination of twenty-five volumes of tales, essays, novels, and drolleries, which occupy, under the initial K, a corner of our French bookcase. We know not whether M. Alphonse Karr's works are as much read in England as those of some of his popular and mischievous contemporaries; but we suspect that they are not. He is of a different school from those clever miscreants, whose glittering pages, vivid with attractive colors that conceal the most pernicious tendencies, make his writings appear, by contrast, pale and monotonous. Some time ago, when incidentally mentioning his very charming novel of *La Famille Alain*, we extolled the propriety of many of M. Karr's works; and, indeed, when compared with the poisonous doctrines of Eugene Sue, that reckless pander to the worst passions of the populace, with the profanity and impurity of most of Madame Sand's novels, and with the unclean and antisocial lucubrations of minor scribes too numerous to mention, there are few of his books but seem innocent and unoffending. Comparative praise must not, however, be mistaken for unqualified approval. Grave faults are to be found in some of his earlier works; and we fear it must be admitted that, with the exception of *La Famille Alain*, and of one or two others, the books upon which he has apparently bestowed most pains are, upon the whole, the least unobjectionable. Two of his longest works—written, it is true, fifteen or twenty years ago, when their author was a very young man, but over which he has evidently lingered with love and painstaking—are not only unpleasant in tone and untrue to nature, but in parts immoral and licentious. Of his more recent writings, the shorter and slighter are generally the most exempt from anything likely to shock English readers. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of M. Karr's that he apparently goes out of his way to deface his fairest pages. In France he has a high reputation as a man of *esprit*; but *esprit* includes good taste as well as wit, and to the former quality he sometimes forfeits his claim. One feels vexed at the eccentricity or perverseness which lead him to blot, by license and triviality, the most interesting of his books. When he steers clear of these shoals, his delineations frequently possess both feeling and delicacy; whilst the shrewdness and knowledge of human nature he often exhibits, prevent our believing him the dupe of the sophistry and misanthropy that sometimes flow from his pen. Desiring to judge him as favorably as he will permit us to do, and at the same time to give an instance of the bad taste of which we complain, we turn to the set of novels included under the eccentric title of *Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille d'Encre*. We may here observe that M. Karr's books are generally remarkable by the oddity of their names. Some of these, such as *Fort en Thème*, *Pour ne pas être Treize*, *Une Folle Histoire*, although pithy enough in French,

translate but lamely into English. Others are German, as *Am Rauchen*, "Whilst Smoking," or, more freely, "Over a Pipe;" and *Einerlei*, the name given to a collection of tales, and touching whose appositeness, which is not very clear, M. Karr is perfectly inexplicit. The novels composing the "Ink Bottle" set are plainer in their appellations. One of them, called *Clotilde*, is clever but disagreeable. It contains some well-drawn characters, but all the most prominent of these are either vicious or fools. *Genevieve* is another of this series, and one of the best of the author's productions. And yet the chances are that the reader throws it aside before he has got through the first fifty pages, and denounces it as one of the common run of loose French novels, in which morality is sneered at, or at least lost sight of. In reality, the chief fault of the book—almost its only one—lies in those first fifty pages. Could we strike out or remodel them, *Genevieve* would be a very charming novel. As it is, it begins with a blemish; its commencement is in M. Karr's worst style. The substance of the offending portion may be inoffensively given in very few words. Monsieur Lauter is a German, good, kind-hearted, generous, and resident at Chalons-sur-Marn. An affection of a stoical and unbending character is his principal weakness. His wife, Rosalie, a blooming Frenchwoman seventeen years younger than himself, has rendered him the happy father of two beautiful children, son and daughter. A few years after their birth he detects her in an intrigue with an empty coxcomb, a new comer to the town. Rosalie's character, although tinged with coquetry, was previously unsullied. Lauter forgets his stoicism, puts a pistol-case under his arm, and walks out in the gray of the morning with the seducer. From that day forward neither husband nor lover are seen or heard of. This last sentence brings us to page 50, where the scene changes; a leap is taken over three years, and one reads far into the book before conjecturing the necessity of the preliminary incident. And when its intimate connection with the plot of the novel at last appears, we are under the charm of a most engaging narrative, delicately told; and the cynical levity of the commencement, already wellnigh forgotten, flashes upon our memory as doubly offensive. The incident could hardly have been dispensed with, but it might have been very differently told, with a gravity and conciseness that would have greatly increased its effect. The manner is here the offence. Doubtless there are very few of the weaknesses and sins to which humanity is liable, of which the novelist may not rightfully avail himself, with the laudable view of pointing a moral and warning from vice. But he should beware of missing his aim, and making that from which it is his duty to deter, appear, even for the moment, venial or attractive. The handling may constitute all the difference between a wholesome lesson and a repugnant and dangerous picture.

"Let us talk a little," says M. Karr, by manner of heading to his tenth chapter, after effecting, in the last line of the ninth, the disappearance of M.

Lauter and his rival, "of M. Chaumier, bourgeois of the little town of Fontainebleau." And here we pause to remark that nothing can be more capricious and fantastical than the general arrangement of M. Karr's books. His chapters are of all lengths, from six lines to any number of pages. We could point out some of two lines, and of a line and a half, and that are considerably shorter than their argument. Sometimes he devotes a chapter to a letter to Jules Janin, or some other friend, or to the narration of an incident personal to himself, and entirely unconnected with the book, or to gossip about a dog, a flower, or a lizard—in short, to anything that comes uppermost. At first one smiles at the oddity of these digressions, and admires the neatness and independent point that some of them possess; but after a time they become wearisome, the reader considers them as knots upon the thread of the story, and wonders why they are introduced, unless with the purpose of swelling the volume—to the attainment of which object the three line chapters, made a pretext for three pages of white paper, very considerably contribute. And doubtless many of M. Karr's readers, puzzled to explain his vagaries, his occasional crudeness and impertinent assertions, end by imputing to him either an immoderate share of affection, or a slight derangement in the cells of his brain, insufficient, however, to neutralize his amusing qualities as a writer. If he has his defects, he, upon the other hand, carefully avoids many to which his contemporaries are prone. He is conscientiously brief in his descriptions, and scruples not to quiz Balzac unmercifully for his long-windedness in this particular. A satirist by profession, the editor of the *Guêpes* gives his brother novelist the full length of his lash. Fortunately poor Balzac's broad shoulders were pretty well used to the thong, which is applied, moreover, with all good-humor. Nobody will mistake the object of the following bit of parody, extracted from *Une Histoire Inraissenable*. A friend has been reproaching M. Karr with a brevity too great for his own interest. "When you write romances," he says, "are you not paid, like other people, by the line, the page, the sheet?"

"Certainly," replies M. Karr; "why should I not conform to the established custom in such matters?"

"Conform to established custom as much as you like, but at least study the masters of the art, and learn of them not to squander your subject. Recollect that, paid by the line, Larochehoucauld, if he had lived in our days, and lived by the produce of his pen, would have obtained by his *Maxims* scarcely a fortnight's subsistence. You have already brought upon the scene an innkeeper, half-a-dozen travellers, a conscript and his family, all of which were portraits to paint. And the inn! do you think one of the masters I speak of would have let off the inn as cheaply as you have done? Far from it. Every saucepan would have paid him toll to the tune of ten *sous* at the very least. And the chimney! he would not give the chimney for fifteen francs; and there is also a carriage from which you might have extracted a profit."

"Would you have had me stop it on the road?"

"No, but that carriage owes you ten francs, which you might have paid yourself."

And the friend proceeds with caricatures of the verbose style of various literary celebrities. Thus instructed, M. Karr watches an opportunity to

profit by the valuable hints he has received. Presently casual mention is made of a fan. The chance is too good to be lost. "This time," he exclaims, "the fan shall not escape toll-free; the fan shall not pass without paying a ransom. It is a fan in white satin, with golden spangles. Upon it are painted shepherds, but what shepherds! trees, but what trees! sheep, but what sheep! The shepherdess has a sprinkling of powder on her hair; a boddice of pink satin, with green ribbons; a petticoat of the same, puffed out over enormous hoops and elegantly turned up with green bows, like the boddice. On her feet she has little shoes, with high heels; in her hand a crook, adorned with ribbons; she is seated on blue grass, beneath the shadow of lilac trees," &c., &c., to the extent of a page and a half. "I do not know many of my contemporaries," M. Karr then observes, "who, having caught a Watteau fan, would let the reader off so cheaply. The most fertile of our novelists [Balzac is here meant], who, after all, is a man of great talent, once built a house with the price of a description of a chest of drawers. There was nothing deficient in the house, except a staircase, but that must not be attributed to the insufficiency of the drawers, but to the absence of mind of the author, who, being his own architect, had omitted the stairs in the plan he gave to the masons—a circumstance which I neither invent nor exaggerate." This is the sort of sarcastic gossip and caricature indulged in by M. Karr, to an extent sometimes nearly as tiresome as Balzac's interminable descriptions of chairs and tables. To return, however, to M. Chaumier, of Fontainebleau, the brother of Madame Rosalie Lauter, who had married against his will, and with whom he had since held no communication. Here is his house, as described by M. Karr, who, himself an enthusiastic lover of the country, of gardens, trees, and flowers, is very happy in sketches of the kind. "The entrance was through an alley of acacias, with thick and tufted foliage, at the extremity of which was a little dark-green door, where hung a deer's foot, by way of bell-handle. When the door was opened, you entered a court, each of whose flags was surrounded by a fringe of grass. In one corner was a well, so old that the stone brim was worn away, and covered with reddish-green moss. At the bottom of the courtyard stood a two-story house, reached by a small flight of steps, with a rusty iron railing; the ground floor comprising the dining-room, M. Chaumier's bed-room and study, and the kitchen. On the first floor were the bedchambers of little Rose Chaumier, of her brother Albert, and of Dame Modeste Rolland, M. Chaumier's confidential housekeeper. The upper story served as fruit and store-room; the linen was spread there to dry, and sometimes Honoré Rolland, Modeste's husband, and a soldier by profession, occupied it for the rare intervals during which the state could dispense with his services. In rear of the house was a large garden, of wild and uncultivated aspect. Before M. Chaumier bought the property, the garden had been perfectly cultivated; but since then, thanks to neglect, thistles, nettles, and other weeds had choked the delicate flowers; the trees alone and a few vigorous plants had resisted, and had even attained a remarkable size. Two large apple-trees, a service-tree, over which a clematis twined, lilacs, enormous moss-grown rose trees, formed the principal riches of the garden; poppies sowed themselves every year, and at the

angle of the coping of the wall, blossomed a bright cluster of wall-flower." Add to the persons mentioned in this description Madame Rosalie Lauter and her two children, Leon and Genevieve, and we at once group together all, save one, of the prominent characters of the book. Three years after her husband's disappearance, Madame Lauter writes to her brother. Herself ignorant of Lauter's fate, she has lived repentant and retired devoting herself to her children. "By selling all I have," she says to M. Chaumier, "I shall realize about thirty thousand francs. Will you let me go and live with you? You shall guide me in the employment of my little fortune, and in the education of my children; I will replace for yours the mother they have lost—and, thus surrounded, we will grow old in peace and affection. Your answer, my good brother, will restore me to happiness or plunge me into deepest discouragement." In spite of the manoeuvres of Modeste Rolland, who purloins the letter from her master's pocket, and does all she dares to prevent compliance with its request, M. Chaumier, who, although a negro-emancipator and theoretical philanthropist, is not quite dead to the more practical sympathies of humanity, welcomes his sister and her children. Madame Lauter has over-estimated the probable proceeds of her little property. It yields but twenty thousand francs; and as she dares not, and will not, be a tax upon her brother, she sinks this little sum upon her life, justifying the act in her own eyes by the reflection that it will enable her to give her children a good education, which leads to everything.

The four cousins grow up together. The development of their respective characters; the description of their happy life in the little country-house and its wild old garden; the envy, hatred, and malice of Modeste Rolland, who racks her spiteful invention to devise annoyances for Madame Lauter, to whom she has vowed eternal detestation; the long-suffering of Rosalie, who, humbly penitent and anxious for her children, courageously and patiently submits to the petty insults of her persecutor rather than disturb the tranquillity of her brother's house—these and other domestic matters furnish M. Karr with several charming chapters tolerably free from those unseasonable digressions and speculations with which, however, he never can entirely abstain from interlarding and deteriorating his volumes. Leon and Albert go to study at Paris; Madame Lauter sells her last trinkets that her son may have the same allowance as his cousin. In her letters she urges him to work hard; but Leon takes this for a mere matter-of-course recommendation, and attends more to music than to books. He has a fine voice, and in a short time he becomes a proficient on the violin. This pursuit, and the recollection of his pretty cousin Rose, his childish partiality for whom is merging in manly love, preserve him from the dissipation indulged in by Albert, who is of a more volatile and frivolous character. Rebuffed by a pretty widow, whose conquest, in his boyish vanity, he fancied he had made, Albert retreats to rustication at Fontainebleau. And now begin poor Genevieve's sorrows. She loves her cousin with the purest affection, and is repaid by indifference. Albert never dreams of regarding her otherwise than as a sister, and is wholly unaware of her sentiments towards him. He tortures her by carving upon the trees of the forest the initials of his disdainful Parisian beauty, and returns to Paris for

his last year of pretended study and real idleness. All this time Leon dreams of Rose, neglects his law books, and plays concertos. He is on the way to become a first-rate musician and no lawyer. An unexpected letter from Genevieve gives him a terrible shock. Madame Lauter is dead, during the absence of her brother, to whom on the eve of her decease she dictates a letter, commending her children to his care. Two days after her funeral, M. Chaumier's fortune is trebled by the favorable termination of a long-pending law-suit. He promises Genevieve and Leon to be a father to them, and keeps his promise tolerably well until Leon one day declares his rooted aversion to the law, and his intention to adopt music as a profession. Whereupon his uncle desires him to reckon no longer on his support, and to keep away from his house—which Leon accordingly leaves, after declaring his love to Rose and obtaining an assurance that it is reciprocated.

Besides his cousin Albert and his student comrades, Leon has one intimate, who is almost a friend. This is a fellow-lodger named Anselmo, a *fanatico per la musica*, who, attracted by Leon's musical skill, has sought his acquaintance, and occasionally visits him to smoke a pipe and listen to his violin. He makes long absences from Paris, and Leon has not seen much of him, but has nevertheless conceived a sort of affection for him, founded on the simple but distinguished manners of Anselmo, on the interest he seems to take in his affairs, on the encouragement he gives him to struggle bravely along the up-hill road of life. Indeed, Anselmo shows a degree of good feeling and sympathy naturally captivating to a young and generous heart. After his rupture with his uncle, Leon at once proceeds to consult his friend, and to inform him of his project, or rather of his resolution.

"M. Anselmo encouraged him, and, without ceasing to be his assiduous auditor, entirely changed his manner of listening. It was no longer a personal satisfaction he sought when Leon played on the violin; he no longer gave himself up to the charm of melody. He judged, criticized, found fault, insisted on numerous repetitions of the same passages. Then, when there was an important opera, a good concert, or a great artist to be heard, M. Anselmo always had, by chance, in the pocket of his old brown coat, a ticket for the concert or theatre. One day he said to Leon—'I am very intimate with M. Kreutzer; he will be most happy, on my recommendation, to give you the few lessons you still need; call upon him to-morrow with a letter I will give you.' Kreutzer gave no lesson under twenty francs; it was a piece of good luck Leon would never have dared to hope for. He could not help admiring the punctuality and exactness of the professor, who never abridged the lesson even by five minutes. And what equally astonished him was, that, whilst Kreutzer thus faithfully fulfilled the duties of a friendship such as is rarely met with, he never inquired after his friend. One day Leon and M. Anselmo met Kreutzer in the street. 'To whom did you bow?' said M. Anselmo to Leon.

"Did you not recognize him?"

"No."

"It was your friend, M. Kreutzer."

"I did not see him."

"It is surprising."

"Very surprising."

"He passed close to us; but neither did he seem to recognize you."

"One morning M. Anselmo said to Leon—'It is time for you to earn money; you have a fine talent; my friend Kreutzer will be so obliging as to give you a few more lessons, and any advice you may need. But whilst thus perfecting yourself, you must make yourself heard, and give lessons in your turn. Here is the address of a pupil with whom you will commence the day after to-morrow; he will give you ten francs a lesson. The price is almost ridiculous for a young professor; but you should give no lessons at a lower rate. There are few real connoisseurs, and the majority estimate music only by what it costs.' Leon knew not how to thank M. Anselmo; but M. Anselmo said to him—'You owe me no thanks; one of my friends, a very rich man, wishes his son to learn the violin. He asked me to tell him of a good professor; you were at hand; I must have gone out of my way not to render you this little service; and, besides, I know few professors whose play pleases me as much as yours. I am off to Germany, and shall not return till spring. Write to me sometimes, and tell me of your success, for I am sure you will succeed. Farewell.'"

M. Karr here skips over a year in three pages, occupied by gossip about an ink-bottle and a barcarole. In the interim, Genevieve had been forbidden to see her brother, had declined obeying, and had gone to live with him. Leon, whose reputation daily augmented, and who earned a tolerable income, occupied a little apartment in the Rue St. Honoré. His musical talent made him much sought after in society; and his uncle, to whom he never failed respectfully to bow when they met at a ball or concert, was not sorry sometimes to say: The young man is my nephew. "Once, when M. Chaumier had said this, he found himself puzzled to reply to the very natural question—'Why do we never meet him at your Sunday parties?' It was impossible to say—'Because I forbade him my house; and I did so because he would be a musician, and acquire the talent you applaud, and of which I myself cannot help being rather proud.' So, one day M. Chaumier beckoned Leon to him, and said—'Nephew Leon, there is mercy for every offence. I may have thought it right to punish an outbreak of youthful wilfulness, but I did not mean to banish my sister's children forever from my house. Rose and Albert—when we see Albert—speak of you two every Sunday, when there are always two places empty at table, which I do not like to see. Come, then, next Sunday, with your sister, and let us forget our little differences.' By an involuntary impulse, Rose threw her arms round her father's neck, to thank him for this good thought, which he had confided to no one. Leon thanked M. Chaumier aloud, and Rose with her eyes and heart. Thenceforward Genevieve and Leon dined every Sunday at their uncle's.

"Albert had bought a solicitor's practice, and left everything to his head clerk, whilst he himself thought only of amusement."

"M. Anselmo had written twice to Leon, who had forgotten to answer him."

Perhaps the reader may already have his suspicions concerning this M. Anselmo, who, notwithstanding the shabbiness of his only coat, abounds in opera and concert tickets, and has interest to procure, gratis, music-lessons usually paid at twenty francs apiece. About this time he returns from Germany in the same threadbare garb and ancient hat; traces Leon to his new lodgings, se-

cures a room in the same house, and becomes acquainted with Rose. His arrival was opportune to raise the spirits of the brother and sister. It was a Sunday evening; they had been to dine as usual at their uncle's, and had found no one. M. Chaumier and Rose had gone upon a party of pleasure. As to Albert, he had not been seen at his father's for a week. Genevieve and Leon looked mournfully at each other. For them the Sunday was the festival that supported them through the privations and monotony of the other six days. But their concern was more for each other than for themselves. Under all disappointments, the tenderest fraternal love supported them. M. Anselmo happened to have opera tickets in his pocket. And this time, by a lucky chance, it was a whole box, instead of two places; so that Rose accompanied her brother and his friend, who soon, by his kindness and attention, became her friend also. One morning he came early to visit them. "I have a walk to propose to you," he said. "I am the agent of Baron Arnberg, a rich German nobleman, who proposes residing at Paris, and I am having a house built for him in the Champs Elysées. He has given very exact instructions on all the principal points, but he leaves the details to me. The house is just finished, but wants decorations, and the garden has to be laid out. M. Arnberg has a son and daughter, whom he tenderly loves. Their apartments must be fitted up, but I am old, and have forgotten what pleases a young man; and I am entirely ignorant as to the tastes of a young lady. I want you, therefore, to help me in my undertaking with your advice. We will breakfast together at the Champs Elysées, and afterwards we will visit the baron's future habitation.' On his return from the house, where, having received *carte-blanche* as to expense, he and Genevieve have exhausted their imagination to devise the most tasteful adornments for the apartments of the wealthy baron's children, Leon perceives, in the Champs Elysées, then crowded with gay equipages, Rose Chaumier in a carriage with some fashionable friends, and attended by a young exquisite, assiduous for her favor. Rodolph de Redeuil galloped at the carriage door; the vehicle passed so rapidly that Leon could not be sure whether Rose had recognized him and his sister. Then, notwithstanding M. Anselmo's philosophical commonplace, Leon felt all the painfulness of his poverty. Rodolph galloped by the side of Rose! He had no horse, he never should have one; and yet he was a good horseman, skilful and bold. He glanced at his clothes, which, for cut and freshness, could not vie with those of Rodolph. Rather unjustly, his vexation reflected itself on Rose; he felt angry with her, because Rodolph de Redeuil had a fine horse and a coat made by . . ."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE AUTHOR INTERRUPTS HIMSELF—TOUCHING THE DIFFICULTY OF WRITING HISTORY, AND THE MULTIPLICITY OF INFORMATION ESSENTIAL TO THE HISTORIAN

"The deuce take me if I know who was the fashionable tailor at that time."

The last fifteen words we have written, form an entire chapter of M. Karr's book, and we have given it as an example of his trivial and impertinent oddity. In chapter xlv. we are informed that Anselmo bitterly lamented having torn his coat against a nail in the baron's new house. The con-

cern he testified quite dissipated a suspicion of Genevieve's, who fancied she had seen him give a piece of gold to a poor German tailor out of work.

If Leon is sad at Rose's coquetry, Genevieve is not without her sorrows. She receives an advantageous offer of marriage, and Albert almost breaks her heart by praising the good qualities of her suitor, and urging her to accept him. Blind to the jewel that lies upon his path, her insensible cousin turns aside after tinsel. She hears of his squandering his fortune and his time upon an actress. Then, to repair his extravagance, he makes a rich marriage, and poor Genevieve cannot refuse to be present at his wedding—the funeral of her happiness.

We cannot trace a tithe of the incidents and episodes of this book, which is a sort of history or chronicle of a family, extending over several years. Early in the second volume there are a couple of chapters relating to Albert's intrigues, which had been as well omitted. Then we have some ludicrous scenes in an artist's painting room. Here M. Karr is perfectly at home. His peculiar humor finds full scope in depicting the frolics of a party of young painters (a very numerous class in Paris), who imagine they study art, whilst in reality they do nothing but smoke long pipes, make bad puns, cut jokes on their *rapin* or color-grinder (a boy of fourteen, with long hair and a gray blouse, up to every kind of villany, and christened Gargantua, on account of his prodigious appetite), and devise means of torturing their landlord, who occupies a floor in the same house, and has the impertinence to ask for his rent. In a sitting held to deliberate upon this grave offence, and apportion a proper punishment, a variety of resolutions are adopted, and a great deal of untranslatable fun is introduced. Leon calls, and is forthwith taken to task by his brother artists for the shabbiness of his dress, and for his defection from their parties of pleasure. The truth was that the summer, by taking his pupils out of town, had sadly diminished his income; and Leon, whose affection for his only sister was a species of idolatry, stinted himself of the very necessities of life that she might enjoy its superfluities. In reply to the humorous and good-humored, but point-blank attack of the embryo Parisian Apelles, Leon affected a rakish tone, talked vaguely of disorder, debt, dissipation, &c., &c.

"When he might have said:

"I am badly dressed, but my sister Genevieve lacks nothing;—her satin shoes are of the best maker, and set off her pretty foot to the best advantage; her dresses are made by the most renowned milliner; I have no cloak, but she has wood in abundance to warm herself; my sister Genevieve wants for nothing; hideous poverty approaches her not, to blight her blooming youth with its mortal breath."

Genevieve was far from suspecting the straits to which her unselfish brother was often reduced. Nevertheless she invented every sort of economy to save his money; whilst Leon, on the other hand, who trembled with grief and rage at the mere idea of her suffering a privation, invented wants for her, in order to satisfy them. "One day he found Genevieve busy repairing an old gown. That very morning he had seen upon the Boulevard various actresses and loose women magnificently dressed and drawn by superb horses. 'Good Heavens!' he had said to himself, 'what does Providence reserve for a good and virtuous girl like

Genevieve, when all that is rich and beautiful in the world is lavished upon such creatures as those!' The thought had haunted him all the day; and the work on which Genevieve was engaged embittered his regrets. He sat down beside her and said: 'Why do you make up that old worn-out dress?'

"Indeed," said Genevieve, "I assure you it will do me much honor this summer!"

"Less than a new one, though?"

"A new one would be expensive, and our means—"

"Who told you that, my dear girl? Do you share the vulgar notion that an artist is an unfortunate wretch, doomed to live in misery and die in an hospital? The sister of a musician should be on a par with the proudest. I earn money—a great deal of money. It is my wish you should always be elegantly dressed. Give that old frock to the servant; after dinner, we will go out and buy a new one."

"And as they passed along the Boulevards, he took her to Tortoni's to eat ice. Near them sat several ladies whose carriages waited hard by. A flower-girl came to offer a bouquet of remarkable beauty."

"What is the price?" said one of the ladies.

"Ten francs."

"It is too dear."

"The woman offered her flowers to the other ladies, and received the same answer from all. But when she came to Leon, he threw two five-franc pieces upon the table, and presented the bouquet to Genevieve. The ladies and their male companions looked at the artist's sister with an air of curiosity."

"What folly!" said Genevieve to her brother, as they left Tortoni's.

"Not at all," replied Leon. "Are you not much prettier than all those women with their impertinent looks? I was glad to vex them a little."

"And they entered a shop, where Leon selected the best of everything for his sister."

"The same night, before going to bed, he inked the seams of his only coat."

There is a quiet naturalness about this passage that pleases us much. We see the true artist-character; proud, generous to prodigality, self-denying and susceptible. M. Karr is happy in traits of this kind. By an accidental circumstance Genevieve discovers the poverty her brother so carefully conceals. On the eve of a dinner at the house of a pupil, she witnesses, without his knowledge, the inking of the seedy coat, the refolding of the worn cravat—all the manoeuvres, in short, resorted to by the shabby-genteel. "Genevieve noiselessly retreated; she passed a sleepless night; her brother's generosity and self-sacrifice were, for the first time, revealed to her. The next day she said nothing of her discovery; but as she passed through the room in which the old coat hung over a chair—that old coat for which many despised Leon—she stooped and kissed it with respect." And although, since the day of Albert's marriage, a low fever mined her health, and at times, in spite of her piety and resignation, she suffered from terrible attacks of despondency, the courageous girl vied with her brother in generosity and devotedness. She dismissed their only servant—a charwoman—who, for a few francs a-week, came each morning to do the housework.

"I dare not think but that God cast an approving glance on Genevieve, when, in the morning, an

hour before daybreak, she gently got up and lit her candle. Then she began the most menial toil; she washed the dishes, she swept the rooms—*anxious above all things not to disturb Leon, who would be grieved to see her labor thus, and would insist on her ceasing to employ the only means she had been able to devise of contributing to the household expenses.* But what she did with the most touching care and respect was to brush Leon's clothes. How she cherished that poor old coat, which recalled all the self-imposed privations he had borne for her! With what care she put in a stitch whose necessity she had perceived in the daytime, but of which she had not spoken, because she felt it would be adding to Leon's sorrows to show him that he succeeded not in deceiving his sister! An old coat, indeed, but an old coat more respectable than richest purple—a work nobler than the embroidery of idle women on tissues of gold and of silver.

Genevieve had delicate hands, white and tapering, with nails of a tender pink; and, with these pretty hands, she cleaned even her brother's shoes; then she put everything in its place, exactly as the charwoman did. Her work done, she prepared breakfast; then she dressed herself, and combed and braided her beautiful hair, that Leon, when he left his chamber, might find nothing in her appearance to make him suspect the task she had fulfilled. Every morning it was the same labor and the same care.

"One night Leon wished to give her money, but she showed that she still had much more than was probable;—poor girl, how happy she was that night! Leon then thought he might perhaps afford a new hat, his old one having long been kept together only by the most extraordinary attention. The next day he passed five or six times before the hatter's door, without daring to enter; at last the sight of his hat in a mirror decided him, and he went in, ashamed, for others, to have worn his hat so long—ashamed, for himself, not to wear it a little longer."

On the second anniversary of Madame Lauter's funeral, Leon and Genevieve went to Fontainebleau, and were astonished to find, in place of the wooden cross that had stood there a year previously, a slab of black marble covering their mother's grave. Her name was upon it, and various dates—one being that of her death, and another of her birth. To the others they could attach no particular meaning. The tombstone was surrounded by an iron railing; they could not ascertain who had erected it. Men had brought marble and railing from Paris, saying they were sent and paid by the family of the deceased lady.

Genevieve fell ill, and was obliged to recall the charwoman she had dismissed. Leon summoned a physician, who would not say there was no hope, but who shook his head gravely in reply to his questions, and could not deny that there was danger, although he declared it not imminent.

"One morning Leon went out, saying to Genevieve—'I will be back early, and bring what the doctor ordered.' For the first time he left her without money; Leon had none at all; but he had to give a lesson to a lady, who already owed him for tuition, and, according to custom, she would that day pay him.

"In the middle of the lesson, M. Rodolph de Redeuil was announced. Rodolph came in, kissed the lady's hand, and bowed to Leon with a protective air of such extreme impertinence that

Leon had some difficulty in returning the salutation—yet more cavalierly. Leon was there as a paid professor; Rodolph, had he even been Leon's friend, would not have the courage to own it under such circumstances; but as it was, both of them, whenever they met, neglected no opportunity of showing their mutual dislike. Rodolph, who had less wit than Leon, had not often the advantage of his adversary—notwithstanding the superiority of position behind which he intrenched himself; and his aversion became more bitter at each meeting.

"M. de Redeuil," said Madame de Dréan, "will you allow me to continue my lesson?"

"Leon felt himself change color; it was asking Rodolph whether he was to be sent away or not. Rodolph bowed in silence; but before he could speak, Leon had resumed his seat at the piano, and had pitched the key for Madame de Dréan. She sang, and when she had finished, Leon said; 'That is not very well sung.' Rodolph sprang from his seat, exclaiming, 'Delightful!' Leon pretended not to hear him, and pointed out to Madame de Dréan the faults she had committed; then, as the manner in which Rodolph had paid his compliment was more than disoblighing to him, he added: 'There are persons who would consider it well sung, but you are too happily endowed to be satisfied with vulgar mediocrity.'

"Madame de Dréan asked Rodolph if he was musical. 'No,' was his answer, 'but for a year past I have a *poor devil* of a piano-master, who walks a league a-day through the mud to give me a lesson I hardly ever take. I have lately adopted the plan of making him play something droll to amuse me; I give him his ticket and he takes himself off.'

"'Poor devil, indeed!' murmured Leon, 'to be obliged to submit to that.'

"'You should follow my example,' said Rodolph; 'M. Lauter plays very nicely on the violin—it would amuse you.'

"'I am well aware,' replied Madame de Dréan, 'of M. Lauter's talent. *He was so good* as to enable us to judge of it at my last party, to which he was kind enough to come.'

"Leon thanked Madame de Dréan in his heart; Rodolph bit his lips. 'Why did you not come?' added Madame de Dréan.

"'I do not care for music,' replied Rodolph, 'and your note informed me that your party was entirely musical; besides, I had promised—' Here Leon interrupted by a prelude upon the piano, and asked Madame de Dréan if she would sing an old ditty, to which she was particularly partial. An angry cloud crossed Rodolph's brow. Madame de Dréan got up and began the song. Whilst she sang, Rodolph, his elbow on the piano, his head on one side, ogled her with all his powers of fascination. 'Pardon me, sir,' said Leon, 'but your elbow on the piano takes away a great deal of the sound.'

"The lesson was at an end, but, before Rodolph, Leon would not do like the *poor devil* of a piano-master, who received his ticket and *went away*;—besides, it was not thus that he was in the habit of acting with Madame de Dréan. Leon was perfectly well-bred, and a man of the world, and his pupils were generally glad to treat him with proper consideration. I except a few persons who, in their worship of gold, never really believe that what is given for money, however precious it may be, is actually worth the money exchanged for it, and who always think themselves the benefactors

of those to whom they give money, however little they give, and whatever the value of what is given them in exchange; for, after all, say they, it is not money.

"It was nowise astonishing or unusual, therefore, that Leon, the lesson over, took a chair and remained to chat. There is nothing more disagreeable for a man than to be detected by another in ogling and looking languishing. This was the kind of vexation Leon had occasioned Rodolph when he politely begged him not to put his elbow on the piano. Madame de Dréan talked of music; Rodolph made several nonsensical remarks.

"In France," said Leon, "music is strangely understood; it is taken like an intermittent fever. For five or six years nobody thinks of music; then it suddenly comes into fashion again; everybody loves it and talks of it, and is transported when listening to it. Young men crowd the stalls of the Italian Opera, and exclaim; *Bravo, Roubine! Brava, la Grise!* whilst Rubini and Grisi sing, so that neither they nor the rest of the audience can hear the singers thus applauded. It is a pity to see the most lovely thing in the world, the most divine of arts, thus rendered ridiculous; it is a pity to see persons affecting, for want of a proper appreciation of music, an admiration, grotesque by its exaggeration, for strollers to whom they pay a thousand times more homage than to the great men of genius whose works they sing."

"Monsieur Lauter," said Rodolph, "who is now at the head of our young violinists?"

"It was impossible to ask a more malicious question; it was saying to Leon: I do not reckon you—you, a mere second-rate performer. Leon understood all the impertinence of the inquiry, and replied coldly—

"I am, sir."

"Rodolph thought to answer by an ironical smile. But Madame de Dréan, almost in spite of herself, cried out, 'Bravo, M. Lauter!'

"By the by," continued the lady, "your delightful talent is no reason for my not paying your lessons; for when they are paid, I am still most grateful to you for giving them. I am in your debt since the last. You have my tickets, have you not?"

"That morning Leon had counted the tickets four times, to be quite sure he had not forgotten any, and to run no risk of delaying their payment; and before entering Madame de Dréan's house, he had put his hand on his pocket to make sure they were there. But the idea of receiving, in Rodolph's presence, the money for his lessons, was unbearable, and he told Madame de Dréan he had not got his tickets. It was no consequence, she said; he could bring them another day; she was quite sure she had given him the twelfth the last time he came, and she would give him his money at once. And she went to her writing-desk.

"Money! there was money, so near to Leon's hand; money due to him, which belonged to him, which they were about to give him, which he might touch and grasp and put in his pocket—money which, in so small a compass, includes so many pleasures, so much happiness and independence, exercises such wondrous power, and dries so many tears.

"And Leon said, 'No, thank you, you can give it me some other time; it would inconvenience me to take it to-day.'

"Inconvenience him! poor fellow, might it not be thought his pockets were crammed with coin!

Alas! his poor pockets were completely empty; if he left Genevieve nothing, it was because he had nothing left."

We wish it would occur to some man of heart and genius, familiar with the subject, to write a novel founded on the struggles and tribulations of a professional musician in the nineteenth century.

There is far less favor—we had almost written mercy—shown to this class of artists in England than in France and Germany; and the consequence is, that their standard of manners and respectability is here unquestionably lower than on the continent. We speak of the class—individual exceptions are of course to be found. M. Karr's father was a pianist of some eminence, and from him the son may have inherited his quick perception of the slights and mortifications which men of real talent and keen feelings are frequently compelled to endure with a smiling countenance, if they would not lose the bread they have qualified themselves to earn by long and diligent cultivation of an art which we call "fine," but whose professors we too often treat on a level with dancing-masters and French cooks. Independently of hereditary sympathies, M. Karr is himself more than half an artist. We do not say this because we infer from passages in his writings that he cultivates, as an amateur, both music and painting, but because the artistic tone of his mind is repeatedly evident in his pages. Most of his books are admirably adapted for illustration, which some of them have obtained. They contain passages which are of themselves pictures, just as they contain pages and chapters which are very pleasing poetry, although their author has thought proper to have them printed as prose. M. Karr's love of the beauties of nature is most enthusiastic; and probably many of his readers will quarrel with him for sometimes lingering too long over their description. He loves to dilate on a flower, a tree, or a landscape, and he does it well, and with a poet's feeling. He has even written two bulky volumes, entitled *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*—a series of letters or essays, botanical, entomological, floricultural, ornithological, sprinkled with reminiscences classical, historical, and artistic—a perfect medley, in short, including anecdotes, *jeux-d'esprit*, and burlesque inventions *à la Karr*, such as could proceed from none but the whimsical editor of the *Guêpes*. We will take a page as a specimen. It is apropos of the fragrant rocket or dames-violet, which, in French, has the prettier name of *julienne*.

"Here is the white *julienne* with its long sprays of flowers; you must stoop to enjoy its perfume; at night only does it exhale its fragrance afar. This was one of the favorite flowers of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. She was shut up in the worst room of the Conciergerie, a damp room that smelt badly. There, in the same chamber, a gendarme, separated from her only by a screen, quitted her neither by day nor by night. The queen's sole garments were an old black gown, and a pair of stockings, which she mended herself—remaining with bare feet the while. I know not whether I should have loved Marie Antoinette, but who could help adoring so much misery and misfortune? A woman—her name is less known than it deserves to be—devised a joy and a luxury for her whom it was forbidden to name otherwise than as widow Capet. Madame Richard, portress of the prison, daily brought her nosegays of the flowers she loved; pinks, *julienues*, tuberose, thus changing into perfume the putrid miasms of the

prison-house. Thus the poor queen had something to gaze at, other than the damp walls of her dungeon. Madame Richard was denounced, arrested and put in prison; but they dared not persecute her further for her pious transgression—and they set her at liberty.

"Subsequently, Danton, in his dungeon, exclaimed, 'Ah! if I could but see a tree!'"

"The *julienne* remains Marie Antoinette's flower; to the two others still older souvenirs were already attached; the great Condé, a prisoner at Vincennes, cultivated pinks. The scent of the tuberose was formerly believed to be mortal to women in childbed. Mademoiselle de la Valliere, still a maid of honor, found herself in that predicament; upon the morrow the queen, who had her suspicions, would pass through her apartment, where she had pretended an indisposition in order to remain. She had her bed-chamber filled with tuberoses."

We laugh at some of his letters, at others we could almost cry, and a third class we are apt to treat contemptuously, as trivial and nonsensical, until it occurs to us to ask ourselves if we have not sometimes read much greater nonsense under a far duller form. Read letter xxiii. on board a Swiss steamboat, and say if it does not, although no imitation, smack of the quaint tenderness and graceful fancy of Lawrence Sterne. See, two chapters later, how many interesting things are suggested to the author by an old wall, and how well he says them; and read—without a smile, if you can—the quiet satire of letter xxv. It is very short—only a few pithy lines—we will translate it.

"There is something haunts me of late. I have spoken to you of the house, covered with moss-grown thatch, and crowned with flowering iris, that one discovers from a particular part of my garden. For several days it remained constantly closed. I asked my servant if the woodcutter no longer dwelt there.

"No, sir, he has left these two months. He has grown rich; he has inherited six hundred francs a year; he is gone to live in the town."

"He has grown rich!"

"That is to say, that with his six hundred francs a year he has gone to live in a little room without air and without sun, whence he can see neither sky, nor trees, nor grass; where he breathes a nauseous atmosphere, and where his best and only prospect is a dirty yellow paper, embellished with chocolate-colored arabesques.

"He has grown rich! That is to say, he has been obliged to get rid of his dog, which he had had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers in the house.

"He lives in a sort of square box; he has people on his right and on his left, above and below him.

"He has left his pretty cottage, and his beautiful trees, and his rich carpets of green herbage, and the song of the birds, and the scent of the oaks.

"He has grown rich! Poor man!"

To us, who have almost as great a foible for flowers as M. Karr himself, the pages of his *Journey round my Garden* offer most attracting passages. His rambling digressions prevent the least monotony. He wanders hither and thither with or without pretext. A magnolia takes him to China, a caprice carries him to Peru, thence he steps across to the Brazils, and tells a story of a

prince who, on his return from distant travel in savage lands, was reproached by a pretty cousin with not having brought her some outlandish costume. He repelled the charge of neglect, and declared he had brought home the complete costume of an Indian queen, which was much at her service if she liked to wear it. The lady was delighted; evening came, and the travelled prince came also, bringing a box, whence he took a very pretty and very odd necklace. It passed from hand to hand, and everybody admired it. The princess put it on, and all present were in raptures to see how it became her. She turned to the traveller:

"Well?" said she.

"What?"

"The next thing."

"What next thing?"

"Yes; the remainder of the costume."

"There is nothing else. That is the entire costume of the queen in question."

The princess blushed crimson, and took off the collar as if it burned her neck.

We should like to extract the very charming chapter suggested by the death of a blackbird, the leader of the author's garden choir, slain by a troublesome friend, whose pointer has already ravaged the flower-beds; but, upon the whole, we think it better to return to Genevieve and complete the sort of outline we have commenced of that interesting novel. We left Leon in Madame de Dréan's music-room, engaged in a wordy skirmish with M. Rodolph de Redueil, which subsequently became so bitter—although veiled by courtly terms out of deference to the lady's presence—that when the two young men left the house together they exchanged a challenge almost before reaching the street. They then parted, and Leon's first thought was to seek a second and a pair of swords, but he remembered that the day was more than half gone, and that he had left Genevieve without money. He thought of that he had just refused, and he cursed the vanity that led him to refuse it;—he cursed himself for forgetting his sister. And he went to his friends, the painters, who had often had recourse to his purse, intending to borrow money of them; on reaching the painting room, he found the joyous, reckless artists in high glee and full conclave. The execution of the sentence pronounced against the offending landlord had commenced. The culprit's bell-rope had been cut, and was to be recut as often as renewed; his caricature had been painted on his door, on the common staircase, and on sundry walls; a number of different persons had called at his house in the course of the day, to inquire, with grave faces, "if it were true that poor M. Vasselin had gone out of his mind," &c. After waiting some time for an opportunity to take a friend aside and ask a loan, Leon left the *atelier* with his purpose unaccomplished. He had a new idea. He fetched his violin, which he had left at a pupil's house, and hurried to a pawnbroker's. But it was Sunday, on which day the *Mont-de-Piété* closes early. Leon was too late. Weary and despairing, and again reproaching himself for the ridiculous vanity that had made him refuse money of which he had so great need, he bent his steps homewards.

"As he crossed the *Champs Elysées*, he saw a number of persons collected together. They formed a dark compact mass, but a fitful light shone between their feet and legs. At that moment Leon's thoughts were so gloomy that, by a sort of

instinct, he joined the crowd in order not to be alone. He then discovered the cause of the assemblage—it was a man playing on the violin, and the light he had seen from afar proceeded from four ends of candle, which burned upon the ground in front of the musician. At the moment when Leon joined the circle, the man put his violin under his arm, and, with hat in hand, made the tour of his audience. Leon walked away, for he had nothing to give, and entered the dark shadow of the trees. 'That man,' said he to himself, 'has just received money which would make me very happy; he is going to take his wife and children their supper. And I—and Genevieve!'—A sort of shudder came over him at a thought which just then presented itself confusedly to his mind, and which he dared not attempt to fix before his eyes;—he walked on with hasty steps,—then he stopped short. Again he continued on his road—then turned back again; he could not quit the Champs Elysées. Once more he stood still and said to himself:—'Have I not done enough cowardly things for one day? What am I more than that man? Is not he, on the contrary, more than I am; he who for his family, conquers his pride and plays in the street? What do I fear?—to be despised?—Is it more contemptible to beg than to let one's sister suffer? And what do I do each day of my life? Do I not play upon the violin for money?—Shame!—it is pride I ought to feel in playing to get money for my sister. In my whole life I shall never have done anything so great and so noble;—so much the worse for him who despises me; he will be a man without feeling, and what matters to me the scorn of such a man?' Again he strode along in great agitation. '—Oh! my God!' he exclaimed, 'I thank thee for the talent thou hast bestowed on me! Oh! my sister, forgive me for having hesitated!'

"Leon's eyes flashed; he felt himself great and strong; his heart was big with a noble pride. He took his violin from its case—rested his back against a tree, and played a sacred and beautiful melody, to which angels might have listened with quivering wings and humid eyes. What first suggested itself to him was the grand, the divine music of Beethoven. His bow had incredible power. The astonished promenaders stopped. Leon then played Weber's *Last Thoughts*, that sad and poignant music which seems to pierce to the very heart. The listeners looked at him, and exchanged remarks in a low voice and with an air of respect.

"He is well dressed."

"He has a distinguished air."

"His eyes are very fine."

"What a pity!" &c.

"A pretty woman, first of all, stooped down and placed—without throwing it—a five-frank piece in Leon's hat. She rose again, blushing, and beautiful with a divine beauty. Ah! dear lady—if the man of your heart beheld you at that moment, you will be recompensed;—all his life long he will repay your charity with love and adoration, as God repays it you in grace and in touching beauty.

"Several persons followed the example shown them. One man pressed through the crowd, and fumbled in his pocket; but he looked at the musician, and exclaimed, 'Leon!'

"Anselmo!" cried Leon. And they fell into each other's arms.

"The crowd pressed curiously around them. Anselmo picked up Leon's hat. 'Give me this

money,' he cried, 'good and noble young man; give it me, that I may hoard it as a precious relic! Fain would I treasure it in my heart!'

"Anselmo called a hackney coach, and got into it with Leon. As they drove along, Leon told Anselmo all his misfortunes. Before going home they purchased what was wanting for Genevieve.

"I am very late, my poor Genevieve," said Leon.

"I did not notice it, said Genevieve," who had passed four hours weeping. "I have been asleep; my eyes are still quite heavy."

Anselmo has just returned from one of his long journeys. After seeking his cousin Albert in vain, Leon asks Anselmo to second him in his duel with Rodolph. His friend regrets the necessity for the meeting, but ultimately consents, and repairs by appointment, early the next morning, to Rodolph's house, to settle preliminaries with his second, a young officer, who proposes swords as the weapons to be employed.

"Swords let it be," replied Anselmo, "since M. de Redeuil desires it; although the choice of arms belongs to M. Lauter."

"You appear very expert in such affairs, sir," said the officer.

"I, sir! I never fought but once in my life, and that was breast to breast, one pistol loaded, no witnesses, on the bank of a river, into which the survivor was to throw his antagonist's corpse. It was not an ordinary duel."

"At what hour the meeting?"

"Ah! that is the question," said Rodolph. "I am compelled by a most important affair to call this morning upon the envoy of a German court. It is already late; I should like to put off the affair till to-morrow."

"I have no instructions to object to such delay."

"To-morrow, then, at seven in the morning."

Anselmo's reference to his duel confirms suspicions previously excited, that the benevolent old German is the father of Leon and Genevieve. The reader is not equally prepared to discover what is soon afterwards revealed; namely, that Anselmo Lauter, the widowed husband of the erring and unhappy Rosalie, is identical with Baron Arnberg, the wealthy minister and confidential friend of a German sovereign: At the baron's house in the Champs Elysées, that same day, all the chief personages of the tale are assembled—Leon to wait upon a new pupil, Genevieve to seek some needlework which the poor suffering girl had begged M. Anselmo to procure for her, M. Chaumier and Rose to hand over the title-deeds of the house and garden at Fontainebleau, sold to a stranger, who has tempted M. Chaumier by a high price. Thanks to his own and his son's extravagance, Rose's father is a poorer man than before he won his famous lawsuit. Albert too appears at the house in the Champs Elysées—the same concerning whose decoration Genevieve and Leon were consulted—in custody of bailiffs who have arrested him on the suit of Baron Arnberg for non-payment of a bill of exchange. And Rodolph de Redeuil comes, his ordinary assurance greatly abated, humbly to crave a favor of the noble and influential ambassador. We have not room for further details. The *dénouement* is good, and the probabilities are throughout well sustained. In the termination of the book, the cheerful and the sad are happily blended. The interest felt for the generous, unselfish, and courageous Leon, is all along in no way less strong

than that inspired by the mild, patient, self-denying Genevieve. And Leon's happiness consoles the reader in some degree for the untimely fate of his sweet sister. Rose and Leon are of course married, but Genevieve—poor Genevieve, heart-stricken in her bloom, droops and falls like a frost-dewed flower. The air of the world was too chilly for her tender soul. To the last she was unaware of her approaching death, and sweet smiles decked her wasted features as she fondly anticipated the joy of embracing her brother's child, as yet unborn. Before the infant saw the light, the flowers grew fresh and fair upon Genevieve's grave.

The re-perusal of M. Karr's works, some of which we had not opened since their first appearance many years ago, has confirmed our previous conviction, that few French writers of the present day, even of the more refined and less wilfully mischievous class, can be unreservedly recommended to English readers. Few even of the best of them can always avoid the introduction of offensive sen-

timents and descriptions. With the majority the propensity to occasional levity and irreverence, and sometimes to profanity and indecency, is quite irresistible. We are disposed to acquit M. Karr of any deliberate and intentional evil tendency. He writes according to his perceptions, and for a French public, and there is nothing in his books likely to shock his countrymen, most of whom would doubtless laugh heartily at the Britannic prudery, that could take exception to the highly colored and revolting narratives of the dissolute Stephen, and of the feeble and unprincipled Maurice. On the other hand, with some of his tales and sketches, only the ultra fastidious will find fault, and some will be deemed harmless even by the most rigid. If we have weighed upon his defects, it has been to neutralize the too favorable impression that might be conveyed by our extracts, which are all specimens of his happier manner. Examples of his worst style would not suit our pages.

From Household Words.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

Give him a home—a home of taste.—ELLIOTT.

My Margaret, our lowly home shall be a home of taste,
A sunny spot to nestle in amid the "streeted waste;"
Though round our door no cool green grass, no cheerful garden grows,
The window-sill shall blossom with geraniums and the rose.

Our parlor wall all up and down, for moral and delight,
We'll hang with pleasant pictures—of landscapes green and bright—
Of portraits of the wise and good, the deathless sons of man,
And, to teach us love for all that live, the good Samaritan.

Of Burns, too, and his Highland maid, much loved, lamented Mary,
And by its side that AGED PAIR whose love no time could vary;
For love up-welling, pure and deep, from youth to sober age,
Shall be a light and blessedness through all our pilgrimage.

A goodly book-case we will store with learning's precious gold,
A hallowed temple to enshrine the mighty minds of old;
With a plaster cast of Milton decked, and one of Shakspeare, too;
And when my work is done, my love, I'll sit and read to you

Some thrilling tale of olden time—love true in evil day—

Some lofty song of holiest bard, some gentle minstrel's lay,
Or wondrous revelation of science deep and high,
Or Christian theme, that we may learn in peace to live and die.

And we'll not forget your music, love, the songs so sad and sweet,

You sang to me with a tearful eye in your father's calm retreat;

That simple music of the heart, we'll sing it o'er again,

And link our days together still with its enchanting chain.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will seek

The spirit of the Spotless One—the beautiful, the meek;

All pure desires and high resolves, all lofty thoughts and true,

And that which duty bids be done, our ready hands shall do.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will bow

Together at the throne of Him "from whom all blessings flow,"

And deep in his eternity—beyond the change of time—

And deep within our inmost soul, possess a peace sublime.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Ah! how fair the world would seem,

In light of our own making,

If on that lamp's fantastic gleam

Day might never break in!

Ah! how sweet 't would be to dream

Were there no awaking!

Or, how grand a battle-plain

Were the life before us,

Hand to hand, and brain to brain,

To struggle and be glorious;—

Had Queen Mab's intrusive train

No dominion o'er us!

But, alas! on working day

Fancy spreads her treasures,

Steals our earnestness away,

Kills our graver pleasures,

Tempts us in her realms to stray

With her siren measures.

And, alas! while straying there,

Full of dreamy rapture,

Vulgar wants and vulgar care

Make unkindly capture—

Drag us back to desk and chair—

Back to verse and chapter.

Thus we waste the hours of youth

In barren indecision,

And the mixing spoils them both—

Earthly and Elysian;

Cold and tasteless seems the Truth,

False and fleet the Vision.

From the Christian Observer.

On the Study of Words; Lectures addressed (originally) to the Pupils at the Diocesan Training School, Winchester. By CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D. Second Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son. [Republished by Redfield, New York.]

THERE is a popular story, which no doubt many of our readers are well acquainted with, called "Eyes and no Eyes." If our childish recollections do not play us false, the contrast expressed in the name is exhibited by two lads, each taking a walk by himself; one sees nothing to admire, nothing even to amuse him; to the other, the beauties of nature are an inexhaustible treasure. The title of the narrative might well be applied figuratively to express the difference between the mental perceptions of different persons. For the excursion in the fields might be substituted the reading of a book, which one person finds insufferably dull; while, to another, it affords the greatest delight. Mr. Trench, in the volume now before us, shows us the secret of deriving pleasure and instruction from any book, however seemingly dull; even from a list of unconnected names, or the columns of a dictionary. We will let him state the obligation he has conferred upon us, by a graceful figure in his own words:—

Suppose then that the pieces of money which in the ordinary intercourse of life are passing through our hands, had each one something of its own which made it more or less worthy of note; if on one was stamped some striking maxim, on another some important fact, on a third a memorable date; if others were works of finest art, graven with rare and beautiful devices, or bearing the head of some ancient sage, or heroic king; while others again were the sole surviving monuments of mighty nations that once filled the world with their fame; what a careless indifference to our own improvement would it argue in us, if we were content that these should come and go, should stay by us or pass from us, without our vouchsafing to them so much as one serious regard! Such a currency there is, a currency intellectual and spiritual, of no meaner worth, and one with which we have to transact so much of the higher business of our lives. Let us see that we come not here under the condemnation of any such incurious dulness as that which I have imagined. (p. 94.)

Our readers will have guessed from the title of Mr. Trench's book, that words are the currency of which he speaks, and he could scarcely have adopted a comparison more exactly descriptive of the value of the study which he recommends. His own idea of that value, though strongly expressed, is not, we believe, exaggerated.

I am sure (he says) that for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring of another sense, or the introduction into a new world; he is never able to cease wondering at the moral marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his gaze. (p. 2.)

This remark leads Mr. Trench to attack and expose a most mischievous fallacy, which lies at the root of much modern scepticism and contempt of supernatural influence.

We hear it not seldom said that ignorance is the mother of admiration. A falser word was never spoken and hardly a more mischievous one; for it seems to imply that this healthiest exercise of the mind rests,

for the most part, on a deceit and illusion, and that with better knowledge it would cease. For once that ignorance leads us to admire that which with fuller insight we should perceive to be a common thing, and one demanding therefore no such tribute from us, an hundred, nay, a thousand times, it prevents us from admiring that which is admirable indeed. (p. 2.)

Our author very happily adopts and expands the expression of an American writer, that words are *fossil poetry*, as preserving the thoughts of ages long past, in the same way that fossil stones preserve their organic remains. A beautiful example is given of the fact, that a single word is often a concentrated poem, by the history of the word *tribulation*.

It is derived from the Latin "*tribulum*"—which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "*tribulatio*" in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of an higher truth; and sorrow, distress and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat, of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "*tribulations*," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now, in proof of what I have just now said, namely, that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word "*tribulation*," a graceful composition by an early English poet, which you will at once perceive is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given:—

Till from the straw, the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall; and that is my desire. (pp. 7, 8.)

Mr. Trench extends the American designation, by claiming for language to be called *fossil history*, as well as *poetry*; instancing the derivation of the word *frank*, with its cognate terms *franchise* and *enfranchisement*, from the name of the German nation which conquered Gaul, and which was distinguished by all the virtues connected with independence and freedom—in fact, the virtues of a conquering and dominant race. The subject of the origin of language is very ably and skilfully treated, with an exposure of the fallacy of the opinion that language was invented, in the same way with the various arts and appliances of civilized life. If this were so, we should sometimes meet with nations without language, as we meet with some destitute of all other marks of progress; but no such nation has ever been found.

The following passage sets the subject in a very clear light :—

How this latent power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is of necessity such ; and as a mystery all the deepest inquirers into the subject are content to leave it. Yet we may perhaps a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of, and unfolding itself from, a root, and according to a necessary law—that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created, that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed ; if we liken it to this rather than to the rearing of an house, which a man should slowly and painfully fashion for himself with dead timbers combined after his own fancy and caprice ; and which little by little improved in shape, material, and size, being first but a log-house, answering his barest needs, and only after centuries of toil and pain growing for his sons' sons into a stately palace for pleasure and delight. (pp. 16, 17.)

It is a mistake which we are very liable to fall into, that the savage is the primitive man—a mistake which is fostered by the indiscriminate use of the words *primitive* and *savage*. Mr. Trench shows that the language of nations in a state of barbarism is rather the ruin than the germ of something better. "Fearful, indeed," he says, "is the impress of degradation which is stamped on the language of the savage, more fearful perhaps even than that which is stamped upon his form." A few remarkable instances are given. The Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, have, within the memory of man, almost lost the word which signifies the Supreme Being ; and it only survives in the spells and charms of so-called rain-makers and sorcerers. In the vocabulary of two of the principal tribes in Brazil, there is no word signifying thanks. The natives of Van Diemen's Land have no fewer than four terms to express different kinds of murder, but not one of them conveys the idea of moral reprobation. There is no word meaning love at all. "Yet with all this," to quote Mr. Trench's eloquent language, "ever and anon, in the midst of this wreck and ruin, there is that in the language of the savage—some subtle distinction—some curious allusion to a perished civilization, now utterly unintelligible to the speaker—or some other note—which proclaims his language to be the remains of a dissipated inheritance, the rags and remnants of a robe which was a royal one once."

In refuting the fallacy we have spoken of, as to the origin of language, Mr. Trench does not deny that it progresses as civilization advances ; but he asserts that this progress is the application and expansion of a faculty which God has given, together with reason, to man ; not a patch-work put together by himself, according to his requirements. Thus it is the "embodiment of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation, yea, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won." Hence the great value of the study of words, which we cannot do better than recommend to those of our readers who have anything to do with the education of children, in the words of our author to his audience, in their capacity of teachers.

And as you will not find, for so I venture to promise, that this study of words will be a dull one when you undertake it yourselves, as little need you fear that it will prove dull and unattractive, when you seek to make your own gains herein the gains also of those

who may be hereafter committed to your charge. Only try your pupils, and mark the kindling of the eye, the lighting up of the countenance, the revival of the flagging attention, with which the humblest lecture upon words, and on the words especially which they are daily using, which are familiar to them in their play or at their church, will be welcomed by them. There is a sense of reality about children which makes them rejoice to discover that there is also a reality about words, that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers ; that, to reverse the words of one of England's "false prophets," they may be the fool's counters, but are the wise man's money ; not, like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world till now. (p. 25.)

It will be no strange thing to our readers to learn that we cannot search the records of our race, as embodied in words, without finding much evil as well as good. "Has man fallen from the heights of his original creation ? We need no more than his language to prove it ; like everything else about him, it bears at once the stamp of his greatness and of his degradation ; of his glory and of his shame." This position our author illustrates with many examples, some of which only we have room to quote :—

What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed an harmful as their secondary meaning ; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy ! Thus "knave" meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), "villain" than peasant ; a "boor" was only a farmer ; a "varlet" was but a serving-man ; a "churl" but a strong fellow. "Time-server" was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing concealed in them ; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness and not of busy meddling ; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (which is, "des mœurs," of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "craft" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill ; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor in the world ? "Tinsel," from the French "*étincelle*," meant once anything that sparkles or glistens ; thus "cloth of tinsel" would be cloth wrought with silver and gold ; but the sad experience that "all is not gold that glitters," that much which shows fair and specious to the eye is yet worthless in reality, has caused the word imperceptibly to assume the meaning which it now has, and when we speak of "tinsel," either literally or figuratively, we always mean now that which has no reality of sterling worth underlying the glittering and specious shows which it makes. (pp. 30—32.)

It is some consolation to discover, amidst these traces of deterioration, a purifying and ennobling process which has been going on at the same time. Words, which in heathen literature bear a mean signification, often appear in Christian writings in a completely altered character. The Greek word for humility, generally signified *meanness of spirit*. "There were angels before heaven had been opened, but these only earthly messengers ;

martyrs also, or witnesses, but these not unto blood, nor yet for God's highest truth; apostles, but sent of men; evangelists, but not of the kingdom of heaven; advocates, but not with the Father."

There are some remarkable illustrations in common words, of truths which the derivation of those words at once manifest. Thus *pain* means *punishment*; and in some provincial dialects the word punished is used for *in pain*. The literal meaning of plague is a *stroke*; the word miser signifies *miserable*. Most persons will be surprised to learn that kind means *kin*; so that a kind person is one of kin, a derivation which is excellently illustrated by Mr. Trench from Shakspeare in the words of Hamlet, who speaks of his father's brother as a "little more than kin and less than kind."

Mr. Trench has some most excellent remarks on the evils which result from calling sins by fine names—instancing the Italian phrase for poisoning, "that the death of some was assisted, *ajutata*," and also the French name *poudre de succession*, for a kind of drug which helped impatient heirs to the succession of their property.

We fully believe in the bad effects and practical lies of this kind; of the "putting bitter for sweet, and darkness for light; the attempt to present disgraceful occupations on an amiable, almost a sentimental side, rather than in their own true deformity and ugliness." (p. 51.)

The summing up of this part of the subject is admirably done in the following passage:—

These illustrations, to which it would not be hard to add many more, are amply enough to justify what I have asserted of the existence of a moral element in words; they are enough to make us feel about them, that they do not hold themselves neutral in the great conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, which is dividing the world; that they are not contented to be the passive vehicles, now of the truth, and now of falsehood. We see, on the contrary, that they continually take their side, are some of them children of light, others children of this world, or even of darkness; they beat with the pulses of our life; they stir with our passions; they receive from us the impressions of our good and of our evil, which again they are active further to propagate amongst us. Must we not own then that there is a wondrous and mysterious world, of which we may hitherto have taken too little account, around us and about us? and may there not be a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it, lying in that solemn declaration, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned?" (p. 59.)

Of all inquiries connected with words, those which relate to history are the most deeply interesting. The faithfulness of the testimony of words to past events, even of remote antiquity, is forcibly brought before us in the following passage:—

It might at first sight appear as if language, apart, that is, from literature and books, and where these did not exist, was the frailest, the most untrustworthy, of all the vehicles of knowledge, and that most likely to betray its charge; yet is it in fact the great, oftentimes the only connecting link between the present and the remotest past, an ark riding above waterfloods that have swept away every other landmark and memorial of ages and generations. Far beyond all written records in a language, the language itself stretches back and offers itself for our investigation—"the pedigree of nations," as Johnson calls it—itsself a far more ancient monument and document than any writing which it contains.

These records, moreover, may have been falsified by carelessness, by vanity, by fraud, by a multitude of causes, but it is never false, never deceives us, if we know how to question it aright. (p. 60.)

The first fact thus borne witness to, is the origin of mankind from a single pair—a witness which is found in the daily accumulating proofs that all languages are derived from a common stock. Our own language is a fruitful field for historical investigation—composed as it is of Celtic, Latin, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and French. The traces of the Norman Conquest, and of the subsequent fusion of the conquering and conquered races, are indelibly written in the language of the united people. This part of Mr. Trench's book is so interesting to every one who speaks English, that we should like to transcribe it entire; but our space permits only an epitome. The following passages will give some idea of the general argument.

We should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honor, and preëminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently), descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count ("earl" indeed is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman), chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of "king" would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession. (p. 64.)

On the other hand—

The great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, and fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. . . . The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his (the Saxon's) language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, i. e. barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. (pp. 64, 65.)

Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that there are animals, which, though Saxon while alive, become Norman after they are dead. This strange transmutation converts sheep into mutton, oxen into beef, calves into veal, swine into pork, deer into venison; the reason assigned is, that the Saxon peasants who tended these animals had no acquaintance with their flesh as food—the only exception to the general rule being *bacon*, which was perhaps the only kind of meat of which the Saxons ever partook. Thus we see how, in spite of the Norman incursion, Saxon maintained its ground side by side with the new language.

The histories of particular words are always instructive, often amusing. No one would ever guess the derivation of *saunterer*; it originally meant, one who visited "la sainte terre," or the Holy Land. When pilgrimage became fashionable, every idler who liked wandering about better than attending to his calling, proclaimed himself bound for Palestine, to which very often he never set out in earnest; hence the modern signification of the term.

The language of the Schoolmen has supplied us with many words chiefly of a learned character. By one of the strangest metamorphoses, the name of Duns Scotus, the most subtle man of his age,

has come to denote extraordinary stupidity. We have often been curious about the derivation of the word *bigot*. Mr. Trench traces it to "bigote," the Spanish for "mustachio." The Spaniards were celebrated both for this personal ornament, and for their attachment to the Roman see; hence bigot and persecutor became nearly synonymous. The names of articles in common use often commemorate the places from which we originally obtained them. Thus bayonet is from Bayonne; cambric from Cambray; calico, from Calicut; muslin, from Moussul. But, in some cases, names so derived embody popular errors, or at any rate tend to spread them. Thus the turkey comes from America, not from the country whose name it bears; and, what is also curious, the French name *Dinde* (or *D'Inde*) gives it another false origin, unless indeed the West Indies were intended. Again, our name gypsies, evidently Egyptians, and the French *Bohémiens*, certainly assign two different origins to the singular people in question, probably both of them wrong. The Germans, without pretending to say where they come from, call them by a name which indisputably belongs to them, "*Zigeuner*," or "*Zieh Gauner*," warning thieves. Sometimes a false derivation is suggested by something accidental in the form of the word. Thus a West Indian tornado may easily be supposed to be called *hurricane*, from the celerity with which it clears sugar plantations; but unfortunately for this ingenious derivation, the word is only a corruption of the French *ouragan*.

As an example of tale-telling in words, Mr. Trench mentions that *signing* one's name strictly means the affixing of that well-known hieroglyphic which is designated as "A. B. his mark;" this having been once the common mode of attestation even among the higher classes. Metaphorical words often retain their use and signification long after their original meaning has been forgotten, and even when the notions to which they owed that signification have been exploded. Thus we have a number of astrological terms in constant use, such as *joyial*, *saturnine*, *mercurial*, that is, affected by the planets *Jupiter*, *Saturn* and *Mercury*, whose influence was supposed to be such as these terms, without any reference to the heavens, now express. *Disastrous* or *ill-starred*, *ascendant*, and *ascendancy*, belong also to the now despised and forgotten science. The etymology of words must not be too much insisted upon, after their meaning has become fixed and partly independent. We may talk of quarantines of less than forty days, or even more, if we can bear to think of such absurd cruelty; and Mr. Trench fully vindicates the seeming contradiction of a "*white blackbird*."

"One of the most interesting branches of the study which is now occupying us," says Mr. Trench, in the beginning of his fourth lecture, "is the taking note of the periods when great and significant words, or it may be such as can hardly claim these epithets, have risen up and come into use, with the circumstances attending their rise."

Such periods, indeed, are important, because new words represent new things; and when new things have to be expressed, words must be found to express them. Without looking into the question, we might be inclined to think that the coining of words is an arbitrary process, and that what we have attributed to the existence of a general want, might be in truth only the capricious act of an individual. But the lecture we are con-

sidering affords ample proof that this is not the case. The most influential words have been invented by persons in themselves unimportant, or even unknown. The greatest masters of language have failed to give currency to their most ingenious inventions.

The disciples were called "Christians" first in Antioch. We do not know by whom, although there is a presumption, as Mr. Trench says, that the name was put upon them by their enemies; and in corroboration of this idea, he reminds us that Antioch was famous for nick-names. Again, the word "mob," which is so expressive and generally used, originated in the absurdities of a profligate club. On the other hand, Cicero could not gain acceptance for several terms which he formed strictly according to the analogy of the Latin language, and to supply acknowledged deficiencies. Many words which different celebrated authors have attempted to introduce into English are already dead and buried.

Sometimes a new thing is represented, not by a newly-coined, but by an adapted word—a coin newly struck and reissued. Of this adaptation notable example is given by Mr. Trench in the Greek word *ouran*.

There was in the Greek, a word for "saviour," which, although it had often been degraded to unworthy uses, having been applied not merely to heathen deities, but bestowed as a title of honor on men, and these such as sometimes were rather "destroyers" than "saviours" of their fellows, was yet in itself sufficient to set forth that central office and dignity of Christ—the word being like some profaned temple, which did not need to be rebuilt, but only to be consecrated anew. (p. 106.)

In the progress of science, a popular word is often made technical by the restriction of its meaning to one of the many meanings which it had in common use, or its extension to some meaning naturally arising out of popular acceptance. The word so employed marks the progress which the science has made, and is often an epitome or abstract of it. Gravitation is an instance of this kind of adaptation. By derivation it means weight, or the tendency of a terrestrial body to the earth's centre. It is extended to denote the law of mutual attraction which all portions of matter have for one another. It represents Newton's great discovery, and makes that discovery the property of all who are acquainted with its own meaning. The following passage from Mr. Trench unfolds the idea we have been endeavoring to express as to the amount of truth or knowledge represented by a single word:—

I alluded just now to comprehensive words, which should singly be effectual to say that which hitherto it had taken many words to say, in which an higher term has been reached than before had been found. It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of such words for the facilitating of mental processes, and, indeed, for the making practicable of many, which would have been nearly or quite impracticable without them; and those who have invented, or who have succeeded in putting into circulation such, may be esteemed as benefactors of a high order to knowledge. In the ordinary traffic of life, unless our dealings were on the smallest scale, we should willingly have about us our money in the shape rather of silver than of copper; and if our transactions were at all extensive, rather in gold than in silver; while if we were setting forth upon a long and arduous journey, we should be best pleased to turn even our gold coin

itself into bills of exchange or circular notes; in fact, into the highest denomination of money which it was capable of assuming. How many words with which we are now perfectly familiar are for us what bills of exchange or circular notes are for the merchant and the traveller! As in one of these last, innumerable pence, a multitude of shillings, not a few pounds are gathered up and represented, so have we in some single words the quintessence and final result of an infinite number of anterior mental processes, ascending one above the other, and all of which have been at length summed up for us in them. We may compare such words to some great river, which does not bring its flood of waters to the sea, till many rills have been swallowed up in brooks, and brooks in streams, and streams in tributary rivers, each of these having lost its individual being in that which at last does at once represent and is continent of them all. (pp. 114, 115.)

Combinations of known words often suggest themselves as means of supplying new wants. Mr. Trench gives us an interesting example:—

When the Romans became acquainted with the stately giraffe, long concealed from them in the inner wilds of Africa, and we learn from Pliny that they first made this acquaintance in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar, it was happily imagined to designate a creature combining, though with infinitely more grace, yet something of the height and even the proportions of the camel with the spotted skin of the leopard, by a name which should incorporate both these its most prominent features, calling it the "camelopard;" nor can we, I think, hesitate to accept his account as the true one, who describes the word as no artificial creation of the scientific naturalist, but as bursting extempore from the lips of the populace at the first moment when the novel creature was presented to their gaze. (p. 117.)

Such combinations were likely to be more happy in Rome and Greece, especially the latter, because the component parts belonged to the language, and were universally understood. The merit of our own compounds is very often undiscernible, except by the learned; because the component words are foreign, and their original meaning lost sight of or imperfectly understood. Thus the most expressive terms are received by the majority even of reading people, as arbitrary symbols. These remarks bear upon a question of great importance, which we shall introduce in Mr. Trench's words:—

The translators of the authorized version of the Bible, in a preface not now often reprinted, but prefixed to the original edition, find fault, and others had done the same before them, with the Greek and Latin words—"inkhorn terms," Fulke calls them—with which the Rhemish translators so plentifully sprinkled their version; with the intention, as these last affirmed, of preserving for it an ecclesiastical character; but as others, and we can scarcely say uncharitably, charged them, that so, if they must give the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, they might yet keep them, as far as might be, "dark and unprofitable to the ignorant readers." In many cases the accusation was quite borne out by the facts, and the Greek and Latin terms they employed could never have made themselves at home in English; but this certainly is not so in all. Thus "rational," "tunic," "scandal," "neophyte," were severally either words which had not been invented by the Rhemish translators, having existed long before; or the sequel has gone far to justify them in what they did, the words having been freely absorbed into the language, as useful additions to it. "To evangelize" was another word which they were blamed for introducing. It

was quite worthy to have been introduced, supposing it had not previously been in being; but it already found place in Wiclif's version, as at Luke i. 19, xvi. 16, which the Rhemish merely follows, so that Fulke is every way unjust in urging against the authors of this: "When you say *evangelized*, you do not translate, but feign a new word, which is not understood of mere English ears." (pp. 128, 129.)

The question between the two sets of translators has certainly, as Mr. Trench implies, received some light from the result—many of the words of the Roman Catholic translation being now as well understood as those of the authorized version, and even more suitable to the original. The fact is, both parties were in a dilemma, because the English language had no words by which many of the ideas in the original could be expressed, and the choice lay between adopting Greek or Latin words, and using English ones in unusual senses. In some cases the attempt to translate produced obscurity and confusion. The point of many passages is lost by using "offence" as the rendering of *σκανδαλον*, and the substitution of "coat" for "tunic" is certainly not favorable to perspicuity. We can have little doubt that the Rhemish translators sheltered themselves under the difficulty which unquestionably existed to maintain the obscurity in which the Bible had been kept by the dead languages; but we need not on that account condemn altogether their practice of adopting classical words to express ideas which could not be clearly expressed in English. But our own translators are not quite exempt from the charge of losing the point of passages by using classical terms. The word "edify," for instance, is employed when the English equivalent would have been equally correct, and much more clear; and it is partly from the adoption of the Latin word as an arbitrary term, whose primary signification is lost sight of, that it has been so strangely perverted in modern times even from its ecclesiastical meaning. It is now a word of all work. A man is "edified" not only by a sermon, but by a book or a review, and even by a joke. There is a passage in St. Paul's epistles where a very beautiful and striking antithesis is spoiled by this word: "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." It is impossible to say what proposition understood by the words "charity edifieth" is to be selected from the immense number which it might affirm, as most likely to be put in opposition to the statement that "knowledge puffeth up." The most ordinary interpretation of the passage, according to the received use of the words used, would perhaps be this: "Knowledge makes a man self-sufficient, but benevolence gives him a better and more healthy satisfaction." But what if our translators had rendered, "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity *buildeth* up?" The opposition is evident to the most ignorant, and scarcely requires a comment. We do not think the Rhemish translators could have made the passage worse, but even in some views better, if they had said, "Knowledge *tumefies*, but charity *edifies*."

The next branch of the subject which Mr. Trench takes in hand, is the "distinction of words." He introduces it as follows:—

It is to the subject of synonyms and their distinction, with the advantages which may be derived from the study of these, that I propose to devote the present lecture. But what, it may be asked, do we mean, when, comparing certain words with one another, we affirm of them that they are synonyms? It is meant

that they are words which, with great and essential resemblances of meaning, have at the same time small, subordinate, and partial differences—these differences being such as either originally, and on the ground of their etymology, inhered in them; or differences which they have by usage acquired in the eyes of all; or such as, though nearly latent now, they are capable of receiving at the hands of wise and discreet masters of the tongue. Synonyms are words of like significance in the main, but with a certain unlikeness as well. (p. 142.)

The existence of synonyms, or different words for the same thing, is accounted for in various ways. Where different nations or tribes have coalesced, their different languages have generally each contributed names for things known to all of them. Sometimes one or more of these names has become obsolete; at other times all have remained side by side. Often, too, foreign words have been imported into a language, and from various reasons have been naturalized, although indigenous words existed to express the same things. Mr. Trench gives, by way of illustration of this, five English words of similar meaning, *trick, device, finesse, artifice, and stratagem*; the first of which is Saxon, the second Italian, the third French, the fourth Latin, and the fifth Greek.

It is a great step in the advance of a language, when distinctions begin to be made between words of nearly identical meaning, giving to the language the capability of marking slight shades of difference in thought and feeling. Mr. Trench gives, as an illustration, Wordsworth's distinction between *imagination* and *fancy*. He also suggests the importance of marking, by the use of different terms, the difference between the just punishment of sin by law, or by God himself, from whom the sanction of law proceeds; and the unauthorized attempts of man to redress his own injuries, or gratify his own resentment. The word "vengeance," with the verb to "avenge," should, according to Mr. Trench, be restricted to the former meaning, and "revenge" to the latter. This distinction is so far established already, that no one could think of substituting "revenge" in the passage, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The thing principally required is to leave off using vengeance in the sense of worldly and malicious revenge. The following remark contains a great and most valuable truth: "As it now is, the moral disapprobation which cleaves, and cleaves justly, to *revenge*, is oftentimes transferred almost unconsciously to *vengeance*; while yet without *vengeance* it is impossible to conceive, in an evil world, any assertion of righteousness, any moral government whatever."

A multitude of instances might be given, as may well be supposed, of two, three, or even more words for the same thing, sometimes quite undistinguished in common usage, sometimes with arbitrary and apparently unmeaning distinctions. In other cases, one word has come to be employed figuratively, and the other literally, so that, originally meaning the same thing, they have become completely separated. The verbs to "edify" and to "build" are instances of this kind of separation. Similarly "pastor" and "shepherd," which originally were strictly synonymous, are now usually employed, the one to denote a keeper of sheep, the other a feeder of the flock of God. "Illegible" and "unreadable" are quite separate in their use. A man writes an *illegible hand*, and an *unreadable book*.

The subject of synonyms leads our author to notice the somewhat similar case of two distinct words being formed out of the same root, with considerable difference of meaning, and often of pronunciation, but very little or none in spelling. Such are *conjure* and *conjure*, *human* and *humane*, *custom* and *costume*.

Spirited and *sprightly* are both from "spirit," which is identical with "sprite." Mr. Trench has given us an amusing collection of pairs of words which have similarly diverged from the same stock—the slight variation in writing giving often a ludicrous impression when the two words are looked at together. The juxtaposition, however, is at least as instructive as entertaining. We shall transcribe a few of the most remarkable instances—"happily and haply," "etiquette and ticket," "ghostly and ghastrly," "parson and person," "gambol and gamble," "truth and troth," "quay and key." Some would add "news and noise," but this is uncertain. There are moral lessons to be gathered from these verbal phenomena, as Mr. Trench takes care to remind us. "'Human' is what every man is; 'humane' what every man ought to be." "'Gambling' may be, as with a fearful irony it is called, *play*, but it is nearly as distant from 'gambolling' as hell is from heaven." An excellent distinction is drawn, and deduced from the etymology of the words, between to "abhor," to "detest," to "hate," and to "loathe."

Each of them (says Mr. Trench) rests on an image entirely distinct from the others; two, that is, the first and second, being Anglo-Saxon, and the others Latin. "To hate" is properly to be *inflamed* with passionate dislike, the word being connected with "heat," "hot;" just as we speak, using the same figure, of persons being "incensed" with anger, or of their anger "kindling;" "ira" and "uro" being perhaps related. "To loathe" is properly to feel nausea, the turning of the stomach at that which excites first natural, and then, by a transfer, moral disgust. "To detest" is to bear witness against, not to be able to keep silence in regard of something, to feel ourselves obliged to lift up our voice and testimony against it. "To abhor" is to shrink shuddering back, as one would from an object of fear, an hissing serpent rising in one's path. Our blessed Lord "hated" to see his Father's house profaned, when, the zeal of that house consuming Him, He drove forth in anger the profaners from it; He "loathed" the "lukewarmness of the Laodiceans when He threatened to reject them out of his mouth; He "detested" the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Scribes, when He proclaimed their sin and uttered those eight woes against them. (Matt. 23.) He "abhorred" the evil suggestions of Satan, when He bade the Tempter to get behind Him, seeking to put a distance between Himself and him. (pp. 161, 162.)

This lecture ends with an excellent application to the formation of a good style of writing.

What an help moreover will it prove to the writing of a good English style, if, instead of having many words before us, and choosing almost at random and at hap-hazard from among them, we at once know which, and which only, we ought in the case before us to employ, which will be the exact vesture of our thoughts. It is the first characteristic of a well-dressed man that his clothes fit him; they are not too small and shrunken here, too large and loose there. Now it is precisely such a prime characteristic of a good style that the words fit close to the thoughts: they will not be too big here, hanging like a giant's robe on the limbs of a dwarf; nor too small there, as

a boy's garments into which the man has with difficulty and ridiculously thrust himself. You do not feel in one place that the writer means more than he has succeeded in saying; in another, that he has said more than he means; or, in a third, something beside what his intention was; and all this, from a lack of dexterity in employing the instrument of language, of precision in knowing what words would be the exactest correspondents and fittest exponents of his thought. (p. 175.)

The last lecture is particularly directed to the requirements and duties of the schoolmaster, but it is by no means to be passed over as merely professional. All *parents*, at any rate, ought to know something of the duties of schoolmasters; so for them, if for no one else, we should be inclined to set this lecture before our readers, even if it were entirely professional. But it refers to many points of great general interest. The importance of Latin in the study of English leads Mr. Trench to advert to the attempt lately made to introduce "phonetic" spelling. All our metropolitan readers must remember the office of the "Fonetic Nuz." We always entertained an objection to this plan, that if you spell words according to sound, you lose their derivations—an objection which alone outweighs all the advantages claimed for the new method. The following beautiful passage confirms and expands our idea:—

The far deeper and more serious [objection] is that in innumerable instances it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it: in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched. They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcass, of the word would remain. (p. 182.)

The relationships of words, often unsuspected, are extremely interesting. We shall quote a few of Mr. Trench's examples. "Heaven" is the perfect of "to heave." "Smith" comes from the verb "to smite." "Wrong" is derived from "to wring," as the French "tort" from "torqueo" or "torde." A "strong" man is one whose sinews are firmly "strung." "Wild" is really "willed," and is much the same word as "wilful." "Stock" is derived from "to stick," an etymology which may be traced in its very numerous meanings. "Field" is properly "felled," and signifies what the Americans call a "clearing."

We must now draw to a close this very imperfect attempt to give the cream of Mr. Trench's book to our readers. We are bound to express our thankfulness that such books are to be found amongst the multitude of our new publications, and that such writers exist to contribute further to our knowledge and improvement. We recommend all our readers to pursue the study of words; which they can easily do by themselves, after the

hints which Mr. Trench has given, and the methods he has pointed out. We close with an extract which will much better express our sentiments than we could do ourselves.

Now let us suppose this power of exactly saying what we mean, and neither more nor less than we mean, to be merely an elegant mental accomplishment. It is indeed this, and perhaps there is no power so surely indicative of a high and accurate training of the intellectual faculties. But it is also much more than this; it has a moral meaning as well. It is nearly allied to morality, inasmuch as it is nearly connected with truthfulness. Every man who has himself in any degree cared for the truth, and occupied himself in seeking it, is more or less aware how much of the falsehood in the world passes current under the concealment of words, how many strifes and controversies,

Which feed the simple, and offend the wise,

find all, or nearly all, their fuel and their nourishment in words carelessly or dishonestly employed. And when a man has had any actual experience of this fact, and has at all perceived how far this mischief reaches, he is sometimes almost tempted to say with Shakespeare's clown, "Words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them." He cannot, however, forego their employment, not to say that he will presently perceive that this falseness of theirs whereof he accuses them, this cheating power of words, is not of their proper use, but their abuse; that however they may have been enlisted in the service of lies, they are yet of themselves most true, and that where the bane is, there the antidote should be sought as well. Ask, then, words what they mean, that you may deliver yourselves, that you may help to deliver others, from the tyranny of words, and from the strife of "word-warriors." Learn to distinguish between them, for you have the authority of Hooker, that "the mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error." And although I cannot promise you that the study of synonyms, or the acquaintance with derivations, or any other knowledge but the very highest knowledge of all, will deliver you from the temptation to misuse this or any other gift of God—a temptation which always lies so near us—yet I am sure that these studies, rightly pursued, will do much in leading us to stand in awe of this divine gift of words, and to tremble at the thought of turning it to any other than those worthy ends for which God has endowed us with it. (pp. 176, 177.)

Having thus passed hastily through the work before us, we must be allowed to say a word about its author. Mr. Trench is one of the most distinguished writers of the day. He is a man of learning, of deep thought and sentiment, and of a very high order of eloquence. It may, however, we think, be fairly objected to his style of composition, that it has a touch of peculiarity which, in another person, we might be tempted to consider as bordering on affectation. We will not say also, that he does not sometimes suffer his imagination to run away with him. This, if we were disposed to carp at so pleasant and useful a work, might, we conceive, be sometimes illustrated from the volume before us. But we think it is still more discernible where it is also more formidable, in his interpretations of Holy Scripture. His works on the "Parables," and "Miracles," however interesting and instructive, are, we think, open to this objection. He is largely read in the Patristic writings, and has not wholly escaped the fantastic and over-imaginative taste of that school of interpreters. His exposition of figurative and symboli-

cal language appears to us to be sometimes fanciful and far-fetched. We have often turned from his volumes to those of old Matthew Henry on the Gospels, and have felt that we then stood on firmer ground, and had got a safer guide. This habit of imaginative interpretation is one of a serious character; because license on one side is an authority for license on the other; and truth will have little chance between its antagonistic expositors. How many of the follies and falsehoods of Popery have found shelter in the fancies of Origen and his school of expositors! We say anything, however, that is in the smallest degree disparaging to Mr. Trench, with real reluctance; because, although differing from ourselves in some of his views even on important subjects, it is impossible not to recognize the devout, earnest, and elevated spirit which prevails in every part of his writings.

From the Athenæum.

On Animal Electricity; being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil Du Bois-Reymond. Edited by H. BENCE JONES, M. D. Churchill.

This small volume is a valuable addition to our scientific literature. A few years since much interest was excited by the publication of certain experiments by M. Du Bois-Reymond, which appeared to prove an intimate connexion between the phenomena of vitality and those of electricity. It was stated, that muscular contractions gave rise to electrical currents which could be measured by the galvanometer;—and hence, by somewhat hasty deduction, it was at once inferred that vital and galvanic actions were identical. A large class of persons, reasoning on the always dangerous ground of analogy, rushed to the conclusion that these results obtained by Du Bois-Reymond, and others of a similar character which were the subjects of investigation by Matteucci, proved the reality of an electric *aura*—and established on a secure basis the dreamings of the disciples of Mesmer.

Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, with the caution of a true philosopher, comes to no such conclusion. He discovers that in the operations of vitality there is a curious manifestation of electrical disturbance—and he traces the phenomena under a great variety of conditions; but he never ventures beyond the statement of the experimental fact, after it has been tested by many trials. Suffice it to say, there is no one discovery made by Dr. Du Bois-Reymond or by Matteucci, which in the remotest degree supports the doctrines of animal magnetism. Animal electricity, showing itself in the form of a current proceeding in a given direction, was suspected by Galvani, demonstrated to a certain extent by Aldini, and is now proved by Du Bois-Reymond;—but, with all the lights of science, there has not been the slightest evidence of any attractive or radiant force—nothing, indeed, in the remotest degree resembling magnetism under any of its modifications.

Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, being in this country, exhibited his experiments at the Royal Institution; and Dr. Bence Jones, anxious that the researches of his friend should be clearly understood, undertook the translation of an abstract of the large German work which was made by Dr. John Müller, Professor of Physics in Freiburg. Those who read with attention will learn many most important facts from this work—but it demands such atten-

tion. Those who may idly skim over the curious pages of the book, will be very apt to fall into the error to which we have already alluded, of thinking that it gives proof of the identity of life and electricity;—and thus, it may be made a means of perpetuating one of the most dangerous dogmas of pseudo-philosophers. It proves, in fact, no more than this:—In all the operations of vitality we have manifestations of physical force;—and, as we find that in our examination of the phenomena of change in inorganic matter each form of force tends to the development of another—thus, chemical action effects those disturbances which are sensible to us in the forms of heat and electricity—and these in like manner may develop chemical action or mechanical power—so, life by its mysterious excitation produces disturbances which result in rendering sensible electricity, and those subtle agencies which interpenetrate all matter.

There is no part of this small work which we have read with greater interest than the chapter in which is examined the much disputed merits of Galvani and of Volta. As the ridiculous story of the accidental discovery of galvanism is rife in the popular mind, we cannot do better than extract the following remarks of Du Bois-Reymond, which show most satisfactorily that Galvani advanced by a system of induction, and approached very nearly to the truth which it was reserved for Volta finally to discover:—

No one who has read Galvani's writings can without reverence turn away from the simple picture of that man, whose restless yet blind labors and naïve desire for knowledge were destined to bear such fruits. Every one will easily excuse his having wandered in that way which we shall soon see him take. The problem presented to him was an equation with two unknown quantities, one of which was the galvanism which Volta discovered, the other animal electricity—which latter, after half a century, now again appears claiming its proper place. Galvani really discovered not only the fundamental physiological experiment of galvanism, properly so called (the contraction of the frog when touched with dissimilar metals), but also that of the electricity inherent in the nerves and muscles. Both of these discoveries were, however, hidden in such a confusion of circumstances, that the result in both cases appeared equally to depend upon the limbs or tissues of the animals employed. . . . After Galvani had examined the shock produced by a spark from the electric machine on a frog prepared for that purpose, he tried the same experiment with lightning. These experiments occupied him during the summer of 1786. In the autumn of the same year he endeavored to discover the action of atmospheric electricity on the prepared legs of a frog when the sky was stormless. It was on the 20th of September that Galvani made that eventful observation upon muscular contraction in animals which forms the starting-point of the new science of electricity. Galvani first published these experiments, with his deductions, in 1791, in his celebrated work, "*De Vivibus Electricitatibus in Motu Musculari Commentarius*." In this Commentary, the experiment is represented as having been made with copper hooks (*areus*), while among Galvani's papers a sketch of an experiment was found, dated the 30th of October, 1786, in which he speaks only of iron hooks. Without doubt this arose from the fact that he became acquainted during his experiments with the properties of combinations of different metals, and that he wished to give the utmost certainty to future repetitions of his first experiment in its original form. Upon the cover of a journal which contains his first experiments in September, 1786, there is this inscription, in Galvani's handwriting:—"Esperimenti circa

l'Elettricità de' Metalli." He had at first, therefore, a true idea of the source of electricity, which was presented to his notice when he discovered the contractions in animals; but this did not last long, for the treatise of October 30 is entitled "*De Animalis Electricitate.*"

Volta's was one of those gifted minds which appear to possess the power of intuitively separating truth from error. He recalled the philosophers from their wanderings, and showed that the production of electricity in Galvani's experiment was due to the contact of heterogeneous metals.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race.—Burns' *Letters to Thomson*.

SCOTLAND is especially rich in its treasures of native music and song. Both are thoroughly national, characteristic, original, and racy of the soil. Wherever you meet with them—abroad or at home, amid the tropics or at the antipodes—their intense nationality of feeling at once reveals their origin.

It may truly be averred that the heart of the Scotch people is written in their songs. They are the vehicle of deepest emotion, of playfulest humor, and of most passionate love.

It was a Scotchman—the patriotic Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun—who said, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I will let who pleases make its laws." The full force of this sentiment can scarcely be felt by the English or the American reader; for this reason, that song, in England and America, is not national, as it is in Scotland, where it pervades the moral atmosphere in which the people breathe.

Though the Reformation fell with greater weight upon Scotland than upon any other country, and the sombre influence of Knox and Calvin enveloped the nation, and gave a strong and abiding color to the life, the habits, and character of the people, yet the spirit of song survived amid it all, and the popular voice found its freest vent in melody and verse. The Scotch songs were not heard in the halls of the rich only, but were the familiar entertainment of the poorest cotter in his clay-built biggin. You see this in the character of the Scotch songs to this day. They sing of cottage life, of scanty fare, and of the loves of the poor. The most popular songs of all are those which depict the lot of toil; and through the cheerful, hopeful, and happy spirit which they breathe, they serve to gladden the humblest condition. "Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," is the healthy moral which runs through them all.

Take, for instance, the common old ditty of "Clean Pease Strae," in which the Scotch lass is counselled as to the prominent circumstance which should govern her in the choice of a husband. It is not "respectability," "class position," an "establishment," or any such thing; but pure love and "eident" industry. As usual with the Scotch song, there is a little bit of story in it; but see how simple and natural it is! We quote from memory, so that a slip or two must be excused by the Scotch reader:—

When John an' I were married
Our haddin' was but sma';
My minnie, cankered earlin',
Wad gie us nought ava.
We wair't our fee wi' cannie care,
As far as it wad gae.
Then kind we cuddled down at e'en,
'Mang clean pease strae.

By workin' late an' early,
We've come to what you see;
And Fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eident aye were we.
The lowe o' love made labor light,
And aye ye'll find it sae,
Though you should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on Cairny Banks,
As weel's in Birken Shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae lassie tak' the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Though you should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

Scotch songs are not "pretty." Though they have been the rage in drawing-rooms, they are yet born of the people. They were not meant to be merely ornamental; they were the growth of simple taste, of true feeling, often of intense passion. Love, joy, patriotism, are their inspiration; not an affected feeling of things, but real, earnest, genuine feeling. Their power seizes hold of you. They stream with hopes and fears, and bounding delights. Burns often succeeds in working out a drama in a few graphic stanzas, which straightway reach your heart-strings and hold fast by them. Barry Cornwall—no bad judge of good song-writing, says of Burns,—"To my thinking, the sentiment in some of Burns' songs is as fine and as true as anything in Shakespeare himself." Burns' best songs often approach the ballad in character—comprising a story as well as a sentiment, and yet, at the same time, essentially a song. Take, as an instance of this, his immortal song of "Highland Mary," which is only too long for quotation.

But "Lucy's Flitting," by William Laidlaw, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and for a long time his secretary, is so exquisite an example of the Scotch song-writers' art of embodying a story in a song, that we cannot forbear the temptation of giving it here—

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebors sae dear.
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her—
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the crow saying 't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin 't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flatter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna etled to be any better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither—
 Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
 Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!"

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see ;
 He could nae say mair but just "Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!"

Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit,
 The hare likes the brake and the braid on the lea ;
 But Lucy likes Jamie —she turned and she lookit,
 She thoct the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn ;
 For bonny, sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

You would scarcely expect so much glowing passion among a people so proverbially "cold" as the Scotch. But there you have it, unmistakably intense, in their popular literature—their songs. The love-songs of Scotland are wonderfully full of poetic beauty, and of deep, intense feeling. Not Burns only, but a host of other Scotch song-writers—from poets whose names are lost, though their songs survive, down to Allan Cunningham and James Hogg. There is a verse of a beautiful old song, by a writer whose name has been lost, which Burns adopted as an introduction to several verses of his own ; though they are certainly inferior to this original opening stanzas—

Oh gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
 Oh then, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
 Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till slep'd away by morning's light !

And the exquisite ballads of "Mary of Castle Cary," by Hector Macneill, and of "Mary Morrison," by Motherwell, show that the genius of the Scottish song-writers has not degenerated in modern times.

Songs of humble courtship, too, there are in great abundance, containing pictures of Scottish life such as you can find nowhere else. Some village fair one is depicted in glowing colors, as a very Venus—indeed, to the lover, whether in cottage or palace life, but in the former more than in the latter case, she is all in all, and the personation of everything that is fair and beautiful and loving in woman. "My Peggy is a young thing," by Allan Ramsay, is a charming specimen of this kind of song. "Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion," is another of the same kind ; both words and music of great antiquity. It begins—

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion 's a bonnie lass,
 And the blithe blink 's in her ee ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There is, sometimes, too, a roguishness about the Scotch singer's description of rustic beauty, which has all the grace of Suckling and Lovelace, with much more than their heartiness and naturalness. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than the little bit of character so deliciously hit off in the following two stanzas of an old Scotch song, in which the rustic poet is describing his mistress?—

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie, O,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie, O ;

My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O ;
 The world 's in love with Nanie, O ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie, O.

Scotch songs also abound in pictures of domestic peace and comfort. "There 's nae Luck about the House," is a capital specimen of this style of song. A husband is about to arrive at home, after a long absence. The wife speaks :—

But are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he 's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !
 For there 's nae luck about the house,
 There 's nae luck at a' :
 There is nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman 's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay
 And see him come ashore.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins o' pearl blue,—
 It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he 's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath 's like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thoct,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 There 's nae luck, &c.

We could say much of the pauky humor of the Scotch songs, so prominently displayed in such as "Rob Rorrison's Bannit," Robert Nicoll's "Janet Dunbar," and Burns' "Duncan Gray." Here is a verse from the latter song, which may be pronounced unsurpassable, though we despair of conveying to English readers the full force of the native humor it contains :—

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan prayed,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleart and blin',
 Spak o' loupin o'er a linn ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

This little verse would require a powerful Scotch glossary to explain it ; for it must be acknowledged to be intensely Doric.

And here we would notice another delicious feature of these Scotch songs—which is their

* A lofty crag off the coast of Ayrshire.

abounding joy in the beauties of external nature. The lover woos his bride "By Logan's Stream," on "Yarrow Braes," along "Loch Erroch side," by the "Birks of Aberfeldy," in "Kelvin Grove," while "Comin' through the Rye," or "Low down in the Broom," or "When the Kye come Hame," or "Amang the Riggs o' Barley." In these popular songs you have a succession of beautiful pastoral pictures, lit up by the glowing sentiment of love. The scenes are mostly laid in the open air, amidst pastures, and woods, and green fields, or by the gentle flow of some winding stream. Thus the scenery of Scotland has become immortalized through its songs, and the "Yellow broom of Cowdenknowes," the "Bush aboon Traquair," the "Birks of Invermay," the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," are known and sung wherever the English language has reached.

These Scotch songs have served to make Scotland dear to thousands of hearts not knit to her by the ties of country or of kindred; while the memory of them, as sung by the lips most loved on earth, keeps the hearts of Scotchmen ever warm towards their native land, though sundered from it by broad oceans and continents. Thus "Auld Lang Syne" is sung by Scotchmen, in chorus, on the banks of the Ganges, or the Yarra Yarra, and their eyes glisten, and their hearts throb, as they recall to mind the home of their youth, and the many dear friends they have left behind them there.

Robert Nicoll has told a story of the influence of one of the popular songs of Scotland upon a Highland soldier engaged in the expedition to Buenos Ayres many years ago. The soldier had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards. Having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, he had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was instantly on him. The tears came into his eyes, and, wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "*Lochaber nae mair! I maun gang back—Na!*" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.

A theory has been formed of the origin of this characteristic national song amongst the Scotch—so different from anything on this side of the Tweed. It has been attributed to the mountainous country and to the strong patriotic feelings which the inhabitants of such a country are supposed to cherish for it, in comparison with the inhabitants of more level and fertile countries. But this theory is, we think, disposed of by the fact, that the national song of Scotland is almost entirely confined to the Lowlands—the richest, most fertile, and level part of the country—scarcely, in these respects, to be distinguished from England. There are many parts of England, from the Border down to the West Riding of Yorkshire, which are more mountainous than the lowlands of Scotland; and yet they have not produced a native song that we know of. The Highlanders, who inhabit the mountainous and picturesque part of Scotland, have added very little to its stores of national music,

except a few wild pibrochs, befitting the uncouth instrument on which they are usually played—the Highland bagpipe. The Scotch songs are not Celtic, nor are they wedded to Celtic words, but to the Lowland Doric Scotch—a dialect of the mixed Saxon, Danish, and Norman, like our own English.

But where has the music come from? From what ancient race have these beautiful old-world melodies descended? Some of them are doubtless native to the people—have been created by them, sung by them, and handed down to their children. Others have been transplanted there from other lands—by English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels; and the affinity which the Scotch possessed for certain kinds of music rather than for others, made them cherish such songs and add them to their national stores. Thus they became national, though the traces of their origin were lost. Some of the finest old Scotch melodies have been traced back to the times when the Catholic was the national religion in Scotland; the old chants which, before the Reformation, were sung in the churches, having then been taken and adapted to popular songs—sometimes satirical, sometimes religious, but mostly secular. And thus these sacred chants, under many names, were added to the stock of national songs. The Scottish princes were also in the practice of employing foreign musicians at their court; and these must have familiarized the musicians of the day with the songs of other lands. Thus David Rizzio transplanted into Scotland many of the finest songs of his native Italy; and to this day the tune of "The bonny Broom o' Cowdenknowes" is as familiar to the peasants of the north of Italy as it is to those of Scotland. Chatelain, a Frenchman, one of Mary's secretaries, was also highly skilled in music, and many tender Scottish melodies are said to have been introduced by him from his native country.

The Irish also lay claim to many of the reputed Scotch airs—for instance, to "Grammachree," which the Scotch knows as "The Maid in Bedlam," to "Maggy Lauder," and many other airs. They have also recently put in a claim for the song of a writer so recently dead as Thomas Campbell, and allege that one George Nugent Reynolds, who wrote nothing else, was the real author of the "Exile of Erin." Only a few weeks ago, we observed that a writer in the *Nation* claimed Ossian for an Irish poet, and mentioned distinctly the place where he was born and flourished—somewhere in the north of Ireland. Doubtless, the same writer could, with equal ease, inform us of the number of Ossian's children, who his publisher was, and how much he got for the copyright of his book—which was rather more than Macpherson knew, to whom the poems of Ossian are now attributed by general consent. But we see strange things in Irish papers sometimes!

To return. These Scotch songs are a mixture of native, English, Irish, and foreign. But it does not matter where the Scotch got them. They have made them their own, by marrying them to immortal words, by singing them to their children, in their homes, at their merry-makings, in hut and in hall. These Scotch songs have got hold of the entire popular heart of Scotland; and they cling there. The writers of words for the songs—the Scottish poets—have written them for the people—for the nation—for the many—not for the few. They have said to themselves, as Banger did,

"The people—that is my muse." They took up the melodies which they found floating around them, and wrote them on the people's hearts by means of words full of pure feeling, noble sentiment, and virtuous patriotism. Read Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' that." There is a song for a nation! For deep feeling, read "The Land o' the Leal," or "To Mary in Heaven." These form the truly immortal essence—the soul and spirit—of Scottish song. But they belong to universal man, for they appeal to the universal human feelings and affections; and thus it is that they reach the universal human heart.

Let the song-writers of any country so labor, in such a spirit and with such an aim, and they too will succeed in creating a national song. There may be much in the temperament of a people; and doubtless the Scotch music has, in a great measure, grown out of their peculiar character. But let English writers—such as Tennyson, and Browning, and Bailey—aim at the nation's heart in what they write—let them seek to be less classical and more universal—let them think more of nature and less of art, and they, too, through their songs would be enabled to hallow the homes of the English people, and to sanctify their affections, their freedom, and their worth, through the noble instrumentality of song.

From Chambers' Journal.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS IN THE '93.

A PUBLIC library had been established by subscription among the citizens of Dumfries in September, 1792, and Burns, ever eager about books, had been from the first one of its supporters. Before it was a week old, he had presented to it a copy of his poems. He does not seem to have been a regularly admitted member till 5th March, 1793, when "the committee, by a great majority, resolved to offer to Mr. Robert Burns a share in the library, free of any admission-money [10s. 6d.] and the quarterly contributions [2s. 6d.] to this date, out of respect and esteem for his abilities as a literary man; and they directed the secretary to make this known to Mr. Burns as soon as possible, that the application which they understood he was about to make in the ordinary way might be anticipated." This is a pleasing testimony to Burns as a poet, but still more so to Burns as a citizen and member of society. His name appears in September as a member of committee—an honor assigned by vote of the members.

On the 30th of this month, the liberal poet bestowed four books upon the library—namely, *Humphry Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knox's History of the Reformation*, and *Delolme on the British Constitution*. The present intelligent librarian, Mr. M'Robert, reports, respecting the last-mentioned work, a curious anecdote, which he learned directly from the late Provost Thomson of Dumfries. Early in the morning after Delolme had been presented, Burns came to Mr. Thomson's bedside before he was up, anxiously desiring to see the volume, as he feared he had written something upon it "which might bring him into trouble." On the volume being shown to him, he looked at the inscription which he had written upon it the previous night, and, having procured some paste, he pasted over it the fly-leaf in such a way as completely to conceal it.

The gentleman who has been good enough to communicate these particulars, adds: "I have seen the volume, which is the edition of 1790, neatly bound, with a portrait of the author at the beginning. Some stains of ink shine through the paper, indicating that there is something written on the back of the engraving; but the fly-leaf being pasted down upon it,

there is nothing legible. On holding the leaf up to the light, however, I distinctly read, in the undoubted manuscript of the poet, the following words:—

"Mr. Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better. R. B."

"The words, 'until they find a better,' are evidently those which the poet feared 'might bring him into trouble.' Probably, if the inscription had not been written on the back of the engraving, he might have removed it altogether; at all events, his anxiety to conceal it shows what trivial circumstances were in those days sufficient to constitute a political offence." Ay, and to think of this happening in the same month with the writing of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*

Fully to appreciate the feelings of alarm under which Burns acted on this occasion, it must be kept in view that the trial of Mr. Thomas Muir, for sedition, had taken place on the 30th of August, when, in the evidence against him, appeared that of his servant, Ann Fisher, to the effect that he had purchased and distributed certain copies of Paine's *Rights of Man*. The stress laid upon that testimony by the crown-counsel had excited much remark. It might well appear to a government officer like Burns, that his own conduct at such a crisis ought to be in the highest degree circumspect. We do not know exactly the time when the incident which we are about to relate, took place, but it appears likely to have been nearly that of Muir's trial. Our poet one day called upon his quondam neighbor, George Haugh, the blacksmith, and, handing him a copy of Paine's *Common Sense and Rights of Man*, desired him to keep these books for him, as, if they were found in his own house, he should be a ruined man. Haugh readily accepted the trust, and the books remained in possession of his family down to a recent period.—*Chambers' Life and Works of Burns, Vol. IV., just published, and reprinted by Harper & Brothers.*

THE HARE AND THE LION: AN INDIAN POLITICAL LIBEL.—Who knows not this story? Nevertheless, we publish it; for even as the hare conquered the lion, so does the Bengalee overcome the Englishman.—A hare sat in the jungle with his wife, and he said: "There is our king, the lion, come into the wood, and he will devour our children." "No," said the little hare, "for I will go to confront him, and conquer the great lion, the king of the beasts." Then her husband laughed, and said: "Intellect is power; we can die but once; let us see what you can do." Then the little hare, taking her little son in her paws, jumped and jumped till she came to the lion. Then she put down her son before his face, and put her two paws together in all humility, and said: "Lo! king of kings, I have brought you a muzzurana; oblige me by eating it. Also, I have some news to give you." Then the lion looked at the hare's baby, and saw it was soft and juicy, and was pleased in his soul, and laughed, and his laugh was as the roar of the thunder of Indro. Then he asked her the news, and the little hare replied: "You are the sovereign of the forest, but another has come who calls himself king of the beasts, and demands tribute." Then the roar of the lion shook the forest, and the little hare nearly died with fear as he asked: "Where is the scoundrel? Can you show him to me?" Then the little hare leaped along with the lion till she came to an old well. The well was nearly full, but had no wall. And she said: "Look, he is hiding there in fear." Then the lion, craning his neck, looked and saw his own shadow, and, with a fearful roar, leaped into the well. So the little hare, with a glad heart, took up her son, and went to her husband, and said: "Lo! intellect is power; I have killed the lion, the king of the beasts."—*From the Sumochar Durpan, a Bengalee newspaper, of the 2d August, 1861.*

Scottish Burns Society

BOOK XII. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER IX.

WE are at Norwood in the sage's drawing-room. Violante has long since retired to rest. Harley, who had accompanied the father and daughter to their home, is still conversing with the former.

"Indeed, my dear duke," said Harley—

"Hush, hush! *Diavolo*, don't call me duke yet; I am at home here once more as Dr. Riccabocca."

"My dear doctor, then, allow me to assure you that you overrate my claim to your thanks. Your old friends Leonard and Frank Hazeldean must come in for their share. Nor is the faithful Giacomo to be forgotten."

"Continue your explanation."

"In the first place, I learned, through Frank, that one Baron Levy, a certain fashionable money-lender, and general ministrant to the affairs of fine gentlemen, was just about to purchase a yacht from Lord Spendquick on behalf of the count. A short interview with Spendquick enabled me to outbid the usurer, and conclude a bargain, by which the yacht became mine; a promise to assist Spendquick in extricating himself from the claws of the money-lender (which I trust to do by reconciling him with his father, who is a man of liberality and sense), made Spendquick readily connive at my scheme for outwitting the enemy. He allowed Levy to suppose that the count might take possession of the vessel; but affecting an engagement, and standing out for terms, postponed the final settlement of the purchase-money till the next day. I was thus master of the vessel, which I felt sure was destined to serve Peschiera's infamous design. But it was my business not to alarm the count's suspicions: I therefore permitted the pirate crew he had got together to come on board. I knew I could get rid of them when necessary. Meanwhile, Frank undertook to keep close to the count until he could see and cage within his lodgings the servant whom Peschiera had commissioned to attend his sister. If I could but apprehend this servant, I had a sanguine hope that I could discover and free your daughter before Peschiera could even profane her with his presence. But Frank, alas! was no pupil of Machiavel. Perhaps the count detected his secret thoughts under his open countenance; perhaps merely wished to get rid of a companion very much in his way; but, at all events, he contrived to elude our young friend as cleverly as you or I could have done—told him that Beatrice herself was at Southampton—had borrowed the count's carriage to go there—volunteered to take Frank to the house—took him. Frank found himself in a drawing-room; and after waiting a few minutes, while the count went out on pretence of seeing his sister, in pirouetted a certain distinguished opera-dancer. Meanwhile the count was fast back on the road to London, and Frank had to return as he could. He then hunted for the count everywhere, and saw him no more. It was late in the day when Frank found me out with this news. I became seriously alarmed. Peschiera might perhaps learn my counter scheme with the yacht—or he might postpone sailing until he had terrified or entangled Violante into some—in short, everything was to be dreaded from a man of the count's temper. I had no clue to the place to which your daughter was taken—no excuse to arrest Peschiera—no means even of learning where

he was. He had not returned to Mivart's. The police were at fault, and useless, except in one valuable piece of information. They told me where some of your countrymen, whom Peschiera's perfidy had sent into exile, were to be found. I commissioned Giacomo to seek these men out, and induce them to man the vessel. It might be necessary, should Peschiera or his confidential servants come aboard, after we had expelled or drawn off the pirate crew, that they should find Italians whom they might well mistake for their own hirelings. To these foreigners I added some English sailors who had before served in the same vessel, and on whom Spendquick assured me I could rely. Still these precautions only availed in case Peschiera should resolve to sail, and defer till then all machinations against his captives. While, amidst my fears and uncertainties, I was struggling still to preserve presence of mind, and rapidly discussing with the Austrian prince if any other steps could be taken, or if our sole resource was to repair to the vessel and take the chance of what might ensue, Leonard suddenly and quietly entered my room. You know his countenance, in which joy or sadness is not betrayed so much by the evidence of the passions as by variations in the intellectual expression. It was but by the clearer brow and the steadier eye that I saw he had good tidings to impart."

"Ah," said Riccabocca—for so, obeying his own request, we will yet call the sage—"ah, I early taught that young man the great lesson inculcated by Helvetius. All our errors arise from our ignorance or our passions. Without ignorance, and without passions, we should be serene, all-penetrating intelligences."

"Mopsticks," quoth Harley, "have neither ignorance nor passions; but as for their intelligences!"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Riccabocca—"Proceed."

"Leonard had parted from us some hours before. I had commissioned him to call at Madame di Negra's and, as he was familiarly known to her servants, seek to obtain quietly all the information he could collect, and, at all events, procure (what in my haste I had failed to do) the name and description of the man who had driven her out in the morning, and make what use he judged best of every hint he could gather or glean that might aid our researches. Leonard only succeeded in learning the name and description of the coachman, whom he recognized as one Beppo, to whom she had often given orders in his presence. None could say where he then could be found, if not at the count's hotel. Leonard went next to that hotel. The man had not been there all the day. While revolving what next he should do, his eye caught sight of your intended son-in-law, gliding across the opposite side of the street. One of those luminous, inspiring conjectures, which never occur to you philosophers, had from the first guided Leonard to believe that Randal Leslie was mixed up in this villainous affair."

"Ha! he!" cried Riccabocca. "Impossible! For what interest?—what object?"

"I cannot tell; neither could Leonard; but we had both formed the same conjecture. Brief:—Leonard resolved to follow Randal Leslie, and track

Detroit Young Men's Society

all his movements. He did then follow him, unobserved, and at a distance—first to Audley Egerton's house—then to Eaton Square—thence to a house in Bruton Street, which Leonard ascertained to be Baron Levy's. Suspicious that, my dear sage!"

"*Diavolo*—yes!" said Riccabocca thoughtfully.

"At Levy's, Randal staid till dusk. He then came out, with his cat-like, stealthy step, and walked quickly into the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Leonard saw him enter one of those small hotels which are appropriated to foreigners. Wild, outlandish fellows were loitering about the door and in the street. Leonard divined that the count, or the count's confidants, were there."

"If that can be proved," cried Riccabocca—"if Randal could have been thus in communication with Peschiera—could have connived at such perfidy—I am released from my promise. Oh, to prove it!"

"Proof will come later, if we are on the right track. Let me go on. While waiting near the door of this hotel, Beppo himself, the very man Leonard was in search of, came forth, and, after speaking a few words to some of the loitering foreigners, walked briskly towards Piccadilly. Leonard here resigned all further heed of Leslie, and gave chase to Beppo, whom he recognized at a glance. Coming up to him, he said quietly, 'I have a letter for the Marchesa di Negra. She told me I was to send it to her by you. I have been searching for you the whole day.' The man fell into the trap, and the more easily, because—as he since owned in excuse for a simplicity which, I dare say, weighed on his conscience more than any of the thousand-and-one crimes he may have committed in the course of his illustrious life—he had been employed by the marchesa as a spy upon Leonard, and, with an Italian's acumen in affairs of the heart, detected her secret."

"What secret?" asked the innocent sage.

"Her love for the handsome young poet. I betray that secret, in order to give her some slight excuse for becoming Peschiera's tool. She believed Leonard to be in love with your daughter, and jealousy urged her to treason. Violante, no doubt, will explain this to you. Well, the man fell into the trap. 'Give me the letter, signior, and quick.'"

"It is at a hotel close by; come there, and you will have a guinea for your trouble."

"So Leonard walked our gentleman into my hotel; and having taken him into my dressing-room, turned the key, and there left him. On hearing this capture, the prince and myself hastened to see our prisoner. He was at first sullen and silent; but when the prince disclosed his rank and name (you know the mysterious terror the meaner Italians feel for an Austrian magnate), his countenance changed, and his courage fell. What with threats, and what with promises, we soon obtained all that we sought to know; and an offered bribe, which I calculated at ten times the amount the rogue could ever expect to receive from his spendthrift master, finally bound him cheerfully to our service, soul and body. Thus we learned the dismal place to which your noble daughter had been so perfidiously ensnared. We learned also that the count had not yet visited her, hoping much from the effect that prolonged incarceration might have in weakening her spirit and inducing her submission. Peschiera was to go to the house at midnight, thence to transport her to the vessel. Beppo had received orders to bring the carriage to

Leicester Square, where Peschiera would join him. The count (as Leonard surmised) had taken skulking refuge at the hotel in which Randal Leslie had disappeared. The prince, Leonard, Frank (who was then in the hotel), and myself, held a short council. Should we go at once to the house, and, by the help of the police, force an entrance, and rescue your daughter? This was a very hazardous resource. The abode, which, at various times, had served for the hiding-place of men hunted by the law, abounded, according to our informant, in subterranean vaults and secret passages, and had more than one outlet on the river. At our first summons at the door, therefore, the ruffians within might not only escape themselves, but carry off their prisoner. The door was strong, and before our entrance could be forced, all trace of her we sought might be lost. Again, too, the prince was desirous of bringing Peschiera's guilty design home to him—anxious to be able to state to the emperor, and to the great minister, his kinsman, that he himself had witnessed the count's vile abuse of the emperor's permission to wed your daughter. In short, while I only thought of Violante, the prince thought also of her father's recall to his dukedom. Yet still to leave Violante in that terrible house, even for an hour, a few minutes, subjected to the actual presence of Peschiera, unguarded save by the feeble and false woman who had betrayed, and might still desert her—how contemplate that fearful risk? What might not happen in the interval between Peschiera's visit to the house, and his appearance with his victim on the vessel? An idea flashed on me—Beppo was to conduct the count to the house; if I could accompany Beppo in disguise—enter the house—myself be present—I rushed back to our informant, now become our agent; I found the plan still more feasible than I had at first supposed. Beppo had asked the count's permission to bring with him a brother accustomed to the sea, and who wished to quit England. I might personate that brother. You know that the Italian language, in most of its dialects and varieties of patois—Genoese, Piedmontese, Venetian—is as familiar to me as Addison's English. Alas! rather more so. Presto! the thing was settled. I felt my heart, from that moment, as light as a feather, and my sense as keen as the dart which a feather wings. My plans now were formed in a breath, and explained in a sentence. It was right that you should be present on the vessel, not only to witness your foe's downfall, but to receive your child in a father's arms. Leonard set out to Norwood for you, cautioned not to define too precisely for what object you were wanted, till on board the vessel.

"Frank, accompanied by Beppo (for there was yet time for these preparations before midnight), repaired to the yacht, taking Giacomo by the way. There our new ally, familiar to most of that piratical crew, and sanctioned by the presence of Frank, as the count's friend, and prospective brother-in-law, told Peschiera's hirelings that they were to quit the vessel, and wait on shore under Giacomo's auspices till further orders; and as soon as the decks were cleared of these ruffians (save a few left to avoid suspicion, and who were afterwards safely stowed down in the hold), and as soon as Giacomo had lodged his convoy in a public-house, where he quitted them, drinking his health over unlimited rations of grog, your inestimable servant quietly shipped on board the Ital-

ians pressed into the service, and Frank took charge of the English sailors.

"The prince, promising to be on board in due time, then left me to make arrangements for his journey to Vienna with the dawn. I hastened to a masquerade warehouse, where, with the help of an ingenious stage-wright artificer, I disguised myself into a most thorough-paced-looking cut-throat, and then waited the return of my friend Beppo with the most perfect confidence."

"Yet, if that rascal had played false, all these precautions were lost. *Cospetto!* you were not wise," said the prudent philosopher.

"Very likely not. You would have been so wise, that by this time your daughter would have been lost to you forever."

"But why not employ the police?"

"First—Because I had employed them to little purpose. Secondly—Because I no longer wanted them. Thirdly—Because to use them for my final catastrophe would be to drag your name, and your daughter's, perhaps, before a police court; at all events, before the tribunal of public gossip. And, lastly—Because, having decided upon the proper punishment, it had too much of equity to be quite consistent with law; and in forcibly seizing a man's person, and shipping him off to Norway, my police would have been sadly in the way. Certainly my plan rather savors of Lope de Vega than of Judge Blackstone. However, you see success atones for all irregularities. I resume:—Beppo came back in time to narrate all the arrangements that had been made, and to inform me that a servant from the count had come on board just as our new crew were assembled there, to order the boat to be at the place where we found it. The servant it was deemed prudent to detain and secure. Giacomo undertook to manage the boat. I am nearly at the close of mystery. Sure of my disguise, I got on the coach-box with Beppo. The count arrived at the spot appointed, and did not even honor myself with a question or glance. 'Your brother?' he said to Beppo; 'one might guess that; he has the family likeness. Not a handsome race yours! Drive on.'

"We arrived at the house. I dismounted to open the carriage-door. The count gave me one look.

"'Beppo says you have known the sea.'

"'Excellency, yes. I am a Genoese.'

"'Ha! how is that? Beppo is a Lombard.'—Admire the readiness with which I redeemed my blunder.

"'Excellency, it pleased Heaven that Beppo should be born in Lombardy, and then to remove my respected parents to Genoa, at which city they were so kindly treated that my mother, in common gratitude, was bound to increase its population. It was all she could do, poor woman. You see she did her best.'

"The count smiled, and said no more. The door opened—I followed him; your daughter can tell you the rest."

"And you risked your life in that den of miscreants! Noble friend!"

"Risked my life—no; but I risked the count's. There was one moment when my hand was on my trigger, and my soul very near the sin of justifiable homicide. But my tale is done. The count is now on the river, and will soon be on the salt seas—though not bound to Norway as I had first intended. I could not inflict that frigid voyage on his sister. So the men have orders to cruise

about for six days, keeping aloof from shore, and they will then land the count and the marchesa, by boat, on the French coast. That delay will give time for the prince to arrive at Vienna before the count could follow him."

"Would he have that audacity?"

"Do him more justice! Audacity, faith! he does not want for that. But I dreaded not his appearance at Vienna, with such evidence against him. I dreaded his encountering the prince on the road, and forcing a duel, before his character was so blasted that the prince could refuse it:—and the count is a dead shot of course; all such men are!"

"He will return, and you—"

"I!—Oh, never fear; he has had enough of me. And now, my dear friend—now that Violante is safe once more under your own roof—now that my honored mother must long ere this have been satisfied by Leonard, who left us to go to her, that our success has been achieved without danger, and, what she will value almost as much, without scandal—now that your foe is powerless as a reed floating on the water towards its own rot, and the prince is perhaps about to enter his carriage on the road to Dover, charged with the mission of restoring to Italy her worthiest son—let me dismiss you to your own happy slumbers, and allow me to wrap myself in my cloak, and snatch a short sleep on the sofa, till yonder gray dawn has mellowed into ripier day. My eyes are heavy, and if you stay here three minutes longer, I shall be out of reach of hearing—in the land of dreams. *Buona notte!*"

"But there is a bed prepared for you."

Harley shook his head in dissent, and composed himself at length on the sofa.

Riccabocca bending, wrapped the cloak round his guest, kissed him on the forehead, and crept out of the room to rejoin Jemima, who still sat up for him, nervously anxious to learn from him those explanations which her considerate affection would not allow her to ask from the agitated and exhausted Violante. "Not in bed!" cried the sage, on seeing her. "Have you no feelings of compassion for my son that is to be? Just, too, when there is a reasonable probability that we can afford a son!"

Riccabocca here laughed merrily, and his wife threw herself on his shoulder, and cried for joy.

But no sleep fell on the lids of Harley L'Estrange. He started up when his host had left him, paced the apartment, with noiseless but rapid stride. All whim and levity had vanished from his face, which, by the light of the dawn, seemed death-like pale. On that pale face there was all the struggle, and all the anguish of passion.

"These arms have clasped her," he murmured; "these lips have inhaled her breath. I am under the same roof, and she is saved—saved evermore from danger and from penury, and forever divided from me. Courage, courage! Oh, honor, duty; and thou, dark memory of the past—thou that didst pledge love at least to the grave—support—defend me! Can I be so weak!"

The sun was in the wintry skies, when Harley stole from the house. No one was stirring except Giacomo, who stood by the threshold of the door, which he had just unbarred, feeding the house-dog. "Good-day," said the servant, smiling. "The dog has not been of much use, but I don't think the padrone will henceforth grudge him a

breakfast. I shall take him to Italy, and marry him there, in the hope of improving the breed of our native Lombard dogs."

"Ah!" said Harley, "you will soon leave our cold shores. May sunshine settle on you all." He paused, and looked up at the closed windows wistfully.

"The signorina sleeps there," said Giacomo, in a husky voice, "just over the room in which you slept."

"I know it," muttered Harley. "An instinct told me of it. Open the gate; I must go home. My excuses to your lord, and to all."

He turned a deaf ear to Giacomo's entreaties to stay till at least the signorina was up—the signorina whom he had saved. Without trusting himself to speak further, he quitted the demesne, and walked with swift strides towards London.

CHAPTER X.

HARLEY had not long reached his hotel, and was still seated before his untasted breakfast, when Mr. Randal Leslie was announced. Randal, who was in the firm belief that Violante was now on the wide seas with Peschiera, entered, looking the very personation of anxiety and fatigue. For, like the great Cardinal Richelieu, Randal had learned the art how to make good use of his own delicate and somewhat sickly aspect. The cardinal, when intent on some sanguinary scheme requiring unusual vitality and vigor, contrived to make himself look a harmless sufferer at death's door. And Randal, whose nervous energies could at that moment have whirled him from one end of this huge metropolis to the other, with a speed that would have outstripped a prize pedestrian, now sank into a chair with a jaded weariness that no mother could have seen without compassion. He seemed since the last night to have galloped towards the last stage of consumption.

"Have you discovered no trace, my lord? Speak, speak!"

"Speak—certainly. I am too happy to relieve your mind, my dear Mr. Leslie. What fools we were! Ha! ha!"

"Fools—how?" faltered Randal.

"Of course; the young lady was at her father's house all the time."

"Eh? what?"

"And is there now?"

"It is not possible!" said Randal, in the hollow, dreamy tone of a somnambulist. "At her father's house—at Norwood! Are you sure?"

"Sure."

Randal made a desperate and successful effort at self-control. "Heaven be praised!" he cried.

"And just as I had begun to suspect the count—the marchesa; for I find that neither of them slept at home last night; and Levy told me that the count had written to him, requesting the baron to discharge his bills, as he should be for some time absent from England."

"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he executes his commission, and discharges the bills. What! are you going already?"

"Do you ask such a question? How can I stay! I must go to Norwood—must see Violante with my own eyes! Forgive my emotion—I—"

Randal snatched at his hat and hurried away. The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him as he went.

"I have no more doubt of his guilt than Leonard has. Violante at least shall not be the prize of that thin-lipped knave. What strange fascination can he possess, that he should thus bind to him the two men I value most—Audley Egerton, and Alphonso di Serrano! Both so wise too!—One in books, one in action. And both suspicious men! While I, so imprudently trustful and frank—Ah! that is the reason; our natures are antipathetic—cunning, simulation, falsehood. I have no mercy, no pardon for these. Woe to all hypocrites if I were a grand Inquisitor!"

"Mr. Richard Avenel," said the waiter, throwing open the door.

Harley caught at the arm of the chair on which he sat, and grasped it nervously; while his eyes became fixed intently on the form of the gentleman who now advanced into the room. He rose with an effort.

"Mr. Avenel!" he said falteringly. "Did I hear your name aright? Avenel!"

"Richard Avenel at your service, my lord," answered Dick. "My family is not unknown to you; and I am not ashamed of my family, though my parents were small Lansmere tradesfolks. And I am—a—hem!—a citizen of the world, and well to do!" added Dick, dropping his kid gloves into his hat, and then placing the hat on the table, with the air of an old acquaintance who wishes to make himself at home.

Lord L'Estrange bowed and said, as he reseated himself—(Dick being firmly seated already)—"You are most welcome, sir; and if there be anything I can do for one of your name—"

"Thank you, my lord," interrupted Dick. "I want nothing of any man. A bold word to say; but I say it. Nevertheless, I should not have presumed to call on your lordship, unless, indeed, you had done me the honor to call first at my house, Eaton Square, No. * * *.—I should not have presumed to call, if it had not been on business;—public business I may say—NATIONAL business!"

Harley bowed again. A faint smile flitted for a moment to his lip, but, vanishing, gave way to a mournful, absent expression of countenance, as he scanned the handsome features before him, and, perhaps, masculine and bold though they were, still discovered something of a family likeness to one whose beauty had once been his ideal of female loveliness; for suddenly he stretched forth his hand, and said, with more than his usual cordial sweetness, "Business, or not business; let us speak to each other as friends—for the sake of a name that takes me back to Lansmere—to my youth. I listen to you with interest."

Richard Avenel, much surprised by this unexpected kindness, and touched, he knew not why, by the soft and melancholy tone of Harley's voice, warmly pressed the hand held out to him; and, seized with a rare fit of shyness, colored, and coughed, and hemmed, and looked first down, then aside, before he could find the words which were generally ready enough at his command.

"You are very good, Lord L'Estrange; nothing can be handsomer, I feel it here, my lord," striking his buff waistcoat—"I do, 'pon my honor. But not to waste your time (time's money), I come to the point. It is about the borough of Lansmere. Your family interest is very strong in that borough. But excuse me if I say that I don't think you are aware that I too have cooked up a pretty considerable interest on the other side. No offence—opinions are free. And the popular tide

runs strong with us—I mean with *me*, at the impending crisis—that is, at the next election. Now, I have a great respect for the earl, your father; and so have those who brought me into the world;—my father, John, was always a regular good Blue; and my respect for yourself since I came into this room has gone up in the market—a very great rise indeed. So I should just like to see if we could set our heads together, and settle the borough between us two, in a snug private way, as public men ought to do when they get together—nobody else by, and no necessity for that sort of humbug—which is so common in this humbugging old country. Eh, my lord?"

"Mr. Avenel," said Harley, slowly recovering himself from the abstraction with which he had listened to Dick's earlier sentences, "I fear I do not quite understand you; but I have no other interest in the next election for the borough of Lansmere, than as may serve one whom, whatever be your politics, you must acknowledge to be—"

"A Humbug!"

"Mr. Avenel, you cannot mean the person I mean. I speak of one of the first statesmen of our time—of Mr. Audley Egerton—of—"

"A stiff-necked, pompous—"

"My earliest and dearest friend."

The rebuke, though gently said, sufficed to silence Dick for a moment; and when he spoke again, it was in an altered tone.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure. Of course, I can say nothing disrespectful of your friend;—very sorry that he is your friend. In that case, I am almost afraid that nothing is to be done. But Mr. Audley Egerton has not a chance. Let me convince you of this." And Dick pulled out a little book, bound neatly in red.

"Canvass book, my lord. I am no aristocrat. I don't pretend to carry a free and independent constituency in my breeches' pocket. Heaven forbid! But as a practical man of business—what I do is done properly. Just look at this book. Well kept, eh? Names, promises, inclinations, public opinions, and private interests of every individual Lansmere elector! Now, as one man of honor to another, I show you this book, and I think you will see that we have a clear majority of at least eighty votes as against Mr. Egerton."

"That is your view of the question," said Harley, taking the book and glancing over the names catalogued and ticketed therein. But his countenance became serious, as he recognized many names, familiar to his boyhood, as those of important electors on the Lansmere side, and which he now found transferred to the hostile. "But surely there are persons here in whom you deceive yourself—old friends of my family—staunch supporters of our party."

"Exactly so. But this new question has turned all old things topsy-turvy. No relying on any friend of yours. No reliance except in this book!" said Dick, slapping the red cover with calm but ominous emphasis.

"Now what I want to propose is this; don't let the Lansmere interest be beaten; it would vex the old earl—go to his heart I am sure."

Harley nodded.

"And the Lansmere interest need not be beaten, if you'll put up another man instead of this red-tapist. (Beg pardon.) You see I only want to get in one man—you want to get in another. Why not? Now there's a smart youth—"

connection of Mr. Egerton's—Randal Leslie. I have no objection to him, though he is of your colors. Withdraw Mr. Egerton, and I'll withdraw my second man before it comes to the poll; and so we shall halve the borough slick between us. That's the way to do business—eh, my lord?"

"Randal Leslie! Oh, you wish to bring in Mr. Leslie? But he stands with Egerton, not against him."

"Ah!" said Dick, smiling, as if to himself, "so I hear; and we could bring him in over Egerton without saying a word to you. But all our family respect yours, and so I have wished to do the thing handsome and open. Let the earl and your party be content with young Leslie."

"Young Leslie has spoken to you?"

"Of course; but not as to my coming here. Oh no—that's a secret—private and confidential, my lord. And now, to make matters still more smooth, I propose that my man shall be one to your lordship's own heart. I find you have been very kind to my nephew;—does you credit, my lord;—a wonderful young man, though I say it. I never guessed there was so much in him. Yet all the time he was in my house, he had in his desk the very sketch of an invention that is now saving me from ruin—from positive ruin—Baron Levy, the King's Bench—and almighty smash! Now, such a young man ought to be in Parliament. I like to bring forward a relation; that is, when he does one credit;—'tis human nature, and sacred ties—one's own flesh and blood; and, besides, one hand rubs the other, and one leg helps on the other, and relations get on best in the world when they pull together; that is, supposing that they are the proper sort of relations, and pull one on, not down. I had once thought of standing for Lansmere myself—thought of it very lately. The country wants men like me—I know that; but I have an idea that I had better see to my own business. The country may, or may not, do without me, stupid old thing that she is! But my mill and my new engines, there is no doubt that they cannot do without me. In short, as we are quite alone, and, as I said before, there's no kind of necessity for that sort of humbug which exists when other people are present, provide elsewhere for Mr. Egerton, whom I hate like poison—I have a right to do that, I suppose, without offence to your lordship—and the two youngers, Leonard Avenel and Randal Leslie shall be members for the free and independent borough of Lansmere!"

"But, does Leonard wish to come into Parliament?"

"No; he says not; but that's nonsense. If your lordship will just signify your wish that he should not lose this noble opportunity to raise himself in life, and get something handsome out of the nation, I'm sure he owes you too much to hesitate—specially when 't is to his own advantage. And, besides, one of us Avenels ought to be in Parliament. And if I have not the time and learning, and so forth, and he has, why, it stands to reason that he should be the man. And if he can do something for me one day—not that I want anything—but still a Baronetcy or so would be a compliment to British Industry, and be appreciated as such by myself and the public at large;—I say, if he could do something of that sort, it would keep up the whole family; and if he can't, why, I'll forgive him."

"Avenel," said Harley, with that familiar and

gracious charm of manner which few ever could resist—"Avenel, if, as a great personal favor to myself—to me your fellow-townsmen—(I was born at Lansmere)—if I asked you to forego your grudge against Audley Egerton, whatever that grudge be, and not oppose his election, while our party would not oppose your nephew's—could you not oblige me? Come, for the sake of dear Lansmere, and all the old kindly feelings between your family and mine, say 'yes—so shall it be.'"

Richard Avenel was almost melted. He turned away his face; but there suddenly rose to his recollection the scornful brow of Audley Egerton, the lofty contempt with which *he*, then the worshipful Mayor of Screwestown, had been shown out of the member's office-room; and, the blood rushing over his cheeks, he stamped his foot on the floor, and exclaimed angrily, "No; I swore that Audley Egerton should smart for his insolence to me, as sure as my name be Richard Avenel; and all the soft soap in the world will not wash out that oath. So there is nothing for it but for you to withdraw that man, or for me to defeat him. And I would do so, ay—and in the way that could most gall him, if it cost me half my fortune. But it will not cost that," said Dick, cooling, "nor anything like it; for when the popular tide runs in one's favor, 't is astonishing how cheap an election may be. It will cost *him* enough though, and all for nothing—worse than nothing. Think of it, my lord."

"I will, Mr. Avenel. And I say, in my turn, that my friendship is as strong as your hate; and that if it cost me, not half, but my whole fortune, Audley Egerton shall come in without a shilling of expense to himself, should we once decide that he stand the contest."

"Very well, my lord—very well," said Dick, stiffly, and drawing on his kid gloves; "we'll see if the aristocracy is always to ride over the free choice of the people in this way. But the people are roused, my lord. The March of Enlightenment is commenced—the Schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion—"

"Nobody here but ourselves, my dear Avenel. Is not this rather what you call—*humbug*?"

Dick started, stared, colored, and then burst out laughing—"Give us your hand again, my lord. You are a good fellow, *that* you are. And for your sake—"

"You'll not oppose Egerton?"

"Tooth and nail—tooth and nail!" cried Dick, clapping his hands to his ears, and fairly running out of the room.

There passed over Harley's countenance that change so frequent to it—more frequent, indeed, to the gay children of the world than those of consistent tempers and uniform habits might suppose. There is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet, could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but a bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.

What thoughts did the visit of Richard Avenel bequeath to Harley? It were hard to define them.

In his place, an Audley Egerton would have taken some comfort from the visit—would have murmured, "Thank Heaven! I have not to present to the world that terrible man as my brother-in-law." But probably Harley had escaped, in his reverie, from Richard Avenel altogether. Even as the slightest incident in the daytime causes our

dreams at night, but is itself clean forgotten—so the name, so the look of the visitor, might have sufficed but to influence a vision—as remote from its casual suggester, as what we call real life is from that life much more real, that we imagine, or remember, in the haunted chambers of the brain. For what is real life? How little the things actually doing around us affect the springs of our sorrow or joy; but the life which our dullness calls romance—the sentiment, the remembrance, the hope, or the fear, that are never seen in the toil of our hands—never heard in the jargon on our lips; from that life all spin, as the spider from its entrails, the web by which we hang in the sunbeam, or glide out of sight into the shelter of home.

"I must not think," said Harley, rousing himself with a sigh, "either of past or present. Let me hurry on to some fancied future. 'Happiest are the marriages,' said the French philosopher, and still says a sage, 'in which man asks only the mild companion, and woman but the calm protector.' I will go to Helen."

He rose; and as he was about to lock up his *escritoire*, he remembered the papers which Leonard had requested him to read. He took them from their deposit, with a careless hand, intending to carry them with him to his father's house. But as his eye fell upon the characters, the hand suddenly trembled, and he recoiled some paces, as if struck by a violent blow. Then, gazing more intently on the writing, a low cry broke from his lips. He resealed himself, and began to read.

CHAPTER XI.

RANDAL—with many misgivings at Lord L'Estrange's tone, in which he was at no loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant. But he soon brought that sage to communicate the suspicions which Lord L'Estrange had instilled into his mind, and these Randal was as speedily enabled to dispel. He accounted at once for his visits to Levy and Peschiera. Naturally he had sought Levy, an acquaintance of his own—nay, of Audley Egerton's; but whom he knew to be professionally employed by the count. He had succeeded in extracting from the baron, Peschiera's suspicious change of lodgment from Mivart's Hotel to the purlieus of Leicester Square;—had called there on the count—forced an entrance—openly accused him of abstracting Violante; high words had passed between them—even a challenge. Randal produced a note from a military friend of his, whom he had sent to the count an hour after quitting the hotel. This note stated that arrangements were made for a meeting near Lord's Cricket Ground, at seven o'clock the next morning. Randal then submitted to Riccabocca another formal memorandum from the same warlike friend—to the purport that Randal and himself had repaired to the ground and no count been forthcoming. It must be owned that Randal had taken all suitable precautions to clear himself. Such a man is not to blame for want of invention, if he be sometimes doomed to fail.

"I then, much alarmed," continued Randal, "hastened to Baron Levy, who informed me that the count had written him word that he should be for some time absent from England. Rushing thence, in despair, to your friend Lord L'Estrange, I heard that your daughter was safe with you. And though, as I have just proved, I would have risked my life against so notorious a duellist as the count, on the mere chance of preserving Violante

from his supposed designs, I am rejoiced to think that she had no need of my unskilful arm. But how and why can the count have left England, after accepting a challenge? A man so sure of his weapon, too—reputed to be as fearless of danger as he is blunt in conscience. Explain;—you who know mankind so well—explain. I cannot.”

The philosopher could not resist the pleasure of narrating the detection and humiliation of his foe—the wit, ingenuity, and readiness of his friend. So Randal learned, by little and little, the whole drama of the preceding night. He saw, then, that the exile had all reasonable hope of speedy restoration to rank and wealth. Violante, indeed, would be a brilliant prize—too brilliant, perhaps, for Randal—but not to be sacrificed without an effort. Therefore, wringing convulsively the hand of his meditated father-in-law, and turning away his head, as if to conceal his emotions, this ingenuous young suitor filtered forth—“That now Dr. Riccabocca was so soon to vanish into the Duke di Serrano, he—Randal Leslie of Rood, born a gentleman, indeed, but of fallen fortunes—had no right to claim the promise which had been given to him while a father had cause to fear for a daughter’s future; with the fear ceased the promise. Might Heaven bless father and daughter both!”

This address touched both the heart and honor of the exile. Randal Leslie knew his man. And though, before Randal’s visit, Riccabocca was not quite so much a philosopher, but that he would have been well pleased to have found himself released, by proof of the young man’s treachery, from an alliance below the rank to which he had all chance of early restoration; yet no Spaniard was ever more tenacious of plighted word than this inconsistent pupil of the profound Florentine. And Randal’s probity being now clear to him, he repeated, with stately formalities, his previous offer of Violante’s hand.

“But,” still falteringly sighed the provident and far-calculating Randal—“but your only child, your sole heiress! Oh, might not your consent to such a marriage (if known before your recall), jeopardize your cause? Your lands, your principalities, to devolve on the child of an humble Englishman! I dare not believe it. Ah, would Violante were not your heiress!”

“A noble wish,” said Riccabocca, smiling blandly, “and one that the Fates will realize. Cheer up; Violante will not be my heiress.”

“Ah,” cried Randal, drawing a long breath—“ah, what do I hear?”

“Hist! I shall soon a second time be a father. And, to judge by the unerring researches of writers upon that most interesting of all subjects—parturitive science—I shall be the father of a son. He will, of course, succeed to the titles of Serrano and Monteleone. And Violante—”

“Will have nothing, I suppose!” exclaimed Randal, trying his best to look overjoyed, till he had got his paws out of the trap into which he had so incautiously thrust them.

“Nay, her portion by our laws—to say nothing of my affection—would far exceed the ordinary dower which the daughters of London merchants bring to the sons of British peers. Whoever marries Violante, provided I regain my estates, must submit to the cares which the poets assure us ever attend on wealth.”

“Oh!” groaned Randal, as if already bowed

beneath the cares, and sympathizing with the poets.

“Nor need the marriage take place till my son is born; and there is no excuse for dictating to me how to dispose of a daughter. And now, let me present you to your betrothed.”

Although poor Randal had been remorselessly hurried along what Schiller calls the “gamut of feeling,” during the last three minutes, down to the deep chord of despair at the abrupt intelligence that his betrothed was no heiress after all; thence ascending to vibrations of pleasant doubt as to the unborn usurper of her rights, according to the prophecies of parturitive science; and, lastly, swelling into a concord of all sweet thoughts at the assurance that, come what might, she would be a wealthier bride than a peer’s son could discover in the matrimonial Potosi of Lombard Street; still the tormented lover was not there allowed to repose his exhausted though ravished soul. For, at the idea of personally confronting the destined bride—whose very existence had almost vanished from his mind’s eye, amidst the golden showers that it saw falling divinely around her—Randal was suddenly reminded of the exceeding bluntness with which, at their last interview, it had been his policy to announce his suit, and of the necessity of an impromptu *falsetto* suited to the new variations that tossed him again to and fro on the merciless gamut. However, he could not recoil from the father’s proposition, though, in order to prepare Riccabocca for Violante’s representation, he confessed pathetically that his impatience to obtain her consent and baffle Peschiera, had made him appear a rude and presumptuous wooer. The philosopher—who was disposed to believe one kind of courtship to be much the same as another, in cases where the result of all courtships was once predetermined—smiled benignly, patted Randal’s thin cheek, with a “Pooh, pooh, pazzie!” and left the room to summon Violante.

“If knowledge be power,” soliloquized Randal, “ability is certainly good luck, as Miss Edgeworth shows in that story of Murad the Unlucky, which I read at Eton—very clever story it is too. So nothing comes amiss to me. Violante’s escape, which has cost me the count’s ten thousand pounds, proves to be worth to me, I daresay, ten times as much. No doubt she’ll have £100,000 at the least. And then, if her father have no other child after all, or the child he expects die in infancy, why, once reconciled to his government and restored to his estates, the law must take its usual course, and Violante will be the greatest heiress in Europe. As to the young lady herself, I confess she rather awes me; I know I shall be henpecked. Well; all respectable husbands are. There is something scampish and ruffianly in not being henpecked.” Here Randal’s smile might have harmonized well with Pluto’s “iron tears;” but, iron as the smile was, the serious young man was ashamed of it. “What am I about,” said he, half aloud, “chuckling to myself and wasting time when I ought to be thinking gravely how to explain away my former cavalier courtship? Such a masterpiece as I thought it then! But who could foresee the turn things would take? Let me think; let me think. Plague on it, here she comes.”

But Randal had not the fine ear of your more romantic lover; and, to his great relief, the exile entered the room unaccompanied by Violante. Riccabocca looked somewhat embarrassed. “My

dear Leslie, you must excuse my daughter to-day; she is still suffering from the agitation she has gone through, and cannot see you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

"Cruel," said he; "yet I would not for worlds force myself on her presence. I hope, duke, that she will not find it too difficult to obey the commands which dispose of her hand, and entrust her happiness to my grateful charge."

"To be plain with you, Randal, she does at present seem to find it more difficult than I foresaw. She even talks of—"

"Another attachment—O heavens!"

"Attachment, *pazzie*! Whom has she seen? No—a convent! But leave it to me. In a calmer hour she will comprehend that a child must know no lot more enviable and holy than that of redeeming a father's honor. And now, if you are returning to London, may I ask you to convey to young Mr. Hazelden my assurances of undying gratitude for his share in my daughter's delivery from that poor baffled swindler."

It is noticeable that, now Peschiera was no longer an object of dread to the nervous father, he became but an object of pity to the philosopher, and of contempt to the grandee.

"True," said Randal, "you told me Frank had a share in Lord L'Estrange's very clever and dramatic device. My lord must be by nature a fine actor—comic, with a touch of melodrama. Poor Frank! apparently he has lost the woman he adored—Beatrice di Negra. You say she has accompanied the count. Is the marriage that was to be between her and Frank broken off?"

"I did not know such a marriage was contemplated. I understood her to be attached to another. Not that that is any reason why she should not have married Mr. Hazelden. Express to him my congratulations on his escape."

"Nay, he must not know that I have inadvertently betrayed his confidence; but you now guess, what perhaps puzzled you before—viz., how I came to be so well acquainted with the count and his movements. I was so intimate with my relation Frank, and Frank was affianced to the marchesa."

"I am glad you give me that explanation; it suffices. After all, the marchesa is not by nature a bad woman—that is, not worse than women generally are; so Harley says, and Violante forgives and excuses her."

"Generous Violante! But it is true. So much did the marchesa appear to me possessed of fine though ill-regulated qualities, that I always considered her disposed to aid in frustrating her brother's criminal designs. So I even said, if I remember right, to Violante."

Dropping this prudent and precautionary sentence, in order to guard against anything Violante might say as to that subtle mention of Beatrice which had predisposed her to confide in the marchesa, Randal then hurried on—"But you want repose. I leave you, the happiest, the most grateful of men. I will give your courteous message to Frank."

CHAPTER XII.

CURIOUS to learn what had passed between Beatrice and Frank, and deeply interested in all that could oust Frank out of the squire's good-will, or aught that could injure his own prospects, by tending to unite son and father, Randal was not slow in reaching his young kinsman's lodgings.

It might be supposed that having, in all probability, just secured so great a fortune as would accompany Violante's hand, Randal might be indifferent to the success of his scheme on the Hazelden exchequer. Such a supposition would grievously wrong this profound young man. For, in the first place, Violante was not yet won, nor her father yet restored to the estates which would defray her dower; and, in the next place, Randal, like Iago, loved villany for the genius it called forth in him. The sole luxury the abstemious aspirer allowed to himself was that which is found in intellectual restlessness. Loathing wine, dead to love, unamused by pleasure, indifferent to the arts, despising literature, save as means to some end of power, Randal Leslie was the incarnation of thought, hatched out of the corruption of will. At twilight we see thin, airy, spectral insects, all wing and nippers, hovering, as if they could never pause, over some sullen, mephitic pool. Just so, methinks, hover over Acheron such gnat-like noiseless soars into gloomy air out of Stygian deeps, as are the thoughts of spirits like Randal Leslie's. Wings have they, but only the better to pounce down—draw their nutriment from unguarded material cuticles; and just when, maddened, you strike, and exulting exclaim, "Caught, by Jove!" wh—irr flies the diaphanous, ghastly larva, and your blow falls on your own twice-offended cheek.

The young men who were acquainted with Randal, said he had not a vice! The fact being that his whole composition was one epic vice, so elaborately constructed that it had not an episode which a critic could call irrelevant. Grand young man!

"But, my dear fellow," said Randal, as soon as he had learned from Frank all that had passed on board the vessel between him and Beatrice, "I cannot believe this. 'Never loved you!' What was her object, then, in deceiving not only you, but myself? I suspect her declaration was but some heroic refinement of generosity. After her brother's dejection and probable ruin, she might feel that she was no match for you. Then, too, the squire's displeasure. I see it all—just like her—noble, unhappy woman!"

Frank shook his head. "There are moments," said he, with a wisdom that comes out of those instincts which awake from the depths of youth's first great sorrow—"moments when a woman cannot feign, and there are tones in the voice of a woman which men cannot misinterpret. She does not love me—she never did love me; I can see that her heart has been elsewhere. No matter—all is over. I don't deny that I am suffering an intense grief; it gnaws like a kind of sullen hunger; and I feel so broken, too, as if I had grown old, and there was nothing left worth living for. I don't deny all that."

"My poor, dear friend, if you would but believe!"

"I don't want to believe anything, except that I have been a great fool. I don't think I can ever commit such follies again. But I'm a man. I shall get the better of this; I should despise myself if I could not. And now let us talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"

"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and tell him you have given up the marchesa, and all will be well again between you."

"Give her up! Fie, Randal! Do you think I should tell such a lie? She gave me up; I can claim no merit out of that."

"Oh, yes! I can make the squire see all to your advantage. Oh, if it were only the marchesa!—but, alas! that cursed *post-obit*! How could Levy betray you? Never trust to a usurer again; they cannot resist the temptation of a speedy profit. They first buy the son, and then sell him to the father. And the squire has such strange notions on matters of this kind."

"He is right to have them. There, just read this letter from my mother. It came to me this morning. I could hang myself, if I were a dog; but I'm a man, and so I must bear it."

Randal took Mrs. Hazeldean's letter from Frank's trembling hand. The poor mother had learned, though but imperfectly, Frank's misdeeds from some hurried lines which the squire had despatched to her; and she wrote, as good, indulgent, but sensible, right-minded mothers alone can write. More lenient to an imprudent love than the squire, she touched with discreet tenderness on Frank's rash engagements with a foreigner, but severely on his open defiance of his father's wishes. Her anger was, however, reserved for that unholy *post-obit*. Here the hearty, genial wife's love overcame the mother's affection. To count, in cold blood, on that husband's death, and to wound his heart so keenly, just where its jealous, fatherly fondness made it most susceptible!

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" wrote Mrs. Hazeldean, "were it not for this, were it only for your unfortunate attachment to the Italian lady, only for your debts, only for the errors of hasty, extravagant youth, I should be with you now—my arms round your neck, kissing you, chiding you back to your father's heart. But—but the thought that between you and his heart has been the sordid calculation of his death—that is a wall between us. I cannot come near you; I should not like to look on your face, and think how my William's tears fell over it, when I placed you, new-born, in his arms, and bade him welcome his heir. What! you a mere boy still, your father yet in the prime of life, and the heir cannot wait till nature leaves him fatherless! Frank, Frank! This is so unlike you. Can London have ruined already a disposition so honest and affectionate? No; I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake. Clear it up, I implore you; or, though as a mother I pity you, as a wife I cannot forgive."

"HARRIET HAZELDEAN."

Even Randal was affected by the letter; for, as we know, even Randal felt in his own person the strength of family ties. The poor squire's choleric and bluntness had disguised the parental heart from an eye that, however acute, had not been willing to search for it; and Randal, ever affected through his intellect, had despised the very weakness on which he had preyed. But the mother's letter, so just and sensible (allowing that the squire's opinions had naturally influenced the wife to take, what men of the world would call a very exaggerated view of this every-day occurrence of loans raised by a son, payable only at a father's death)—this letter, I say, if exaggerated according to fashionable notions, so sensible, if judged by natural affections, touched the dull heart of the schemer because approved by the quick tact of his intelligence.

"Frank," said he, with a sincerity that afterwards amazed himself, "go down at once to Hazeldean—see your mother, and explain to her how

this transaction really happened. The woman you loved, and wooed as wife, in danger of an arrest—your distraction of mind—Levy's counsils—your hope to pay off the debt, so incurred to the usurer, from the fortune you would shortly receive with the marchesa. Speak to your mother—she is a woman; women have a common interest in forgiving all faults that arise from the source of their power over us men;—I mean love. Go!"

"No—I cannot go;—you see she would not like to look on my face. And I cannot repeat what you say so glibly. Besides, somehow or other, as I am so dependent upon my father—and he has said as much—I feel as if it would be mean in me to make any excuses. I did the thing, and must suffer for it. But I'm a man—an—no—I'm not a man here." Frank burst into tears.

At the sight of those tears, Randal gradually recovered from his strange aberration into vulgar and low humanity. His habitual contempt for his kinsman returned; and with contempt came the natural indifference to the sufferings of the thing to be put to use. It is contempt for the worm that makes the angler fix it on the hook, and observe with complacency that the vivacity of its wriggles will attract the bite. If the worm could but make the angler respect, or even fear it, the barb would find some other bait. Few anglers would impale an estimable silkworm, and still fewer the anglers who would finger into service a formidable hornet.

"Pooh, my dear Frank," said Randal; "I have given you my advice; you reject it. Well, what then will you do?"

"I shall ask for leave of absence, and run away somewhere," said Frank, drying his tears. "I can't face London; I can't mix with others. I want to be by myself, and wrestle with all that I feel here—in my heart. Then I shall write to my mother, say the plain truth, and leave her to judge as kindly of me as she can."

"You are quite right. Yes, leave town! Why not go abroad? You have never been abroad. New scenes will distract your mind. Run over to Paris."

"Not to Paris—I don't want gayeties; but I did intend to go abroad somewhere—any dull, dismal hole of a place. Good-bye! Don't think of me any more for the present."

"But let me know where you go; and meanwhile I will see the squire."

"Say as little of me as you can to him. I know you mean most kindly—but oh, how I wish there never had been any third person between me and my father! There; you may well snatch away your hand. What an ungrateful wretch to you I am! I do believe I am the wickedest fellow. What! you shake hands with me still. My dear Randal, you have the best heart—God bless you." Frank turned away, and disappeared within his dressing-room.

"They must be reconciled now, sooner or later—squire and son"—said Randal to himself, as he left the lodgings. "I don't see how I can prevent that—the marchesa being withdrawn—unless Frank does it for me. But it is well he should be abroad—something may be made out of that; meanwhile I may yet do all that I could reasonably hope to do—even if Frank had married Beatrice—since he was not to be disinherited. Get the squire to advance the money for the Thornhill purchase—complete the affair;—this marriage with Violante will help;—Levy must know that;

—secure the borough;—well thought of. I will go to Avenel's. By-the-by—by-the-by—the squire might as well keep me still in the entail after Frank—supposing Frank die childless. This love affair may keep him long from marrying. His hand was very hot—a hectic color;—those strong-looking fellows often go off in a rapid decline, especially if anything preys on their minds—their minds are so very small. Ah—the Hazeldean Parson—and with Avenel! That young man, too—who is he? I have seen him before somewhere. My dear Mr. Dale, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you had returned to Hazeldean with our friend the squire?"

Mr. Dale.—"The squire. Has he left town, and without telling me?"

Randal, (taking aside the parson.)—"He was anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazeldean, who was naturally very uneasy about her son and this foolish marriage; but I am happy to tell you that that marriage is effectually and permanently broken off."

Mr. Dale.—"How, how! My poor friend told me he had wholly failed to make any impression on Frank—forbade me to mention the subject. I was just going to see Frank myself. I always had some influence with him. But, Randal, explain this very sudden and happy event—the marriage broken off!"

Randal.—"It is a long story, and I dare not tell you my humble share in it. Nay, I must keep that secret. Frank might not forgive me. Suffice it that you have my word that the fair Italian has left England, and decidedly refused Frank's addresses. But stay—take my advice—don't go to him;—you see it was not only the marriage that has offended the squire, but some pecuniary transactions—an unfortunate *post-obit* bond on the Casino property. Frank ought to be left to his own repentant reflections. They will be most salutary—you know his temper—he don't bear reproof; and yet it is better, on the other hand, not to let him treat too lightly what has passed. Let us leave him to himself for a few days. He is in an excellent frame of mind."

Mr. Dale, (shaking Randal's hand warmly.)—"You speak admirably—a *post-obit*!—so often as he has heard his father's opinion on such transactions. No—I will not see him—I should be so angry—"

Randal, (leading the parson back, resumes, after an exchange of salutations with Avenel, who, meanwhile, had been conferring with his nephew.)—"You should not be so long away from your rectory, Mr. Dale. What will your parish do without you?"

Mr. Dale.—"The old fable of the wheel and the fly. I am afraid the wheel rolls on the same. But if I am absent from my parish, I am still in the company of one who does me honor as an old parishioner. You remember Leonard Fairfield, your antagonist in the Battle of the Stocks!"

Mr. Avenel.—"My nephew, I am proud to say, sir."

Randal bowed with marked civility—Leonard with a reserve no less marked.

Mr. Avenel, (ascribing his nephew's reserve to shyness.)—"You should be friends, you two youngsters. Who knows but you run together in the same harness! Ah, that reminds me, Leslie—I have a word or two to say to you. Your servant, Mr. Dale. Shall be happy to present you to

Mrs. Avenel. My card—Eaton Square—Number *** You will call on me to-morrow, Leonard. And mind I shall be very angry if you persist in your refusal. Such an opening!" Avenel took Randal's arm, while the parson and Leonard walked on.

"Any fresh hints as to Lansmere?" asked Randal.

"Yes; I have now decided on the plan of contest. We must fight two and two—you and Egerton against me and (if I can get him to stand, as I hope) my nephew Leonard."

"What," said Randal, alarmed; "then, after all, I can hope for no support from you?"

"I don't say that; but I have reason to think Lord L'Estrange will bestir himself actively in favor of Egerton. If so, it will be a very sharp contest; and I must manage the whole election on our side, and unite all our shaky votes, which I can best do by standing myself in the first instance, reserving it to after consideration whether I shall throw up at the last; for I don't particularly want to come in, as I did a little time ago before I had found out my nephew. Wonderful young man!—with such a head—will do me credit in the rotten old House; and I think I had best leave London, go to Screwestown, and look to my business. No; if Leonard stand, I must first see to get him in; and next to keep Egerton out. It will probably, therefore, end in the return of one and one on either side, as we thought of before. Leonard on our side; and Egerton shan't be the man on the other. You understand?"

"I do, my dear Avenel. Of course, as I before said, I can't dictate to your party whom they should prefer—Egerton or myself. And it will be obvious to the public that your party would rather defeat so eminent an adversary as Mr. Egerton, than a tyro in politics like myself. Of course I cannot scheme for such a result; it would be misconstrued, and damage my character. But I rely equally on your friendly promise."

"Promise! No—I don't promise. I must first see how the cat jumps; and I don't know yet how our friends may like you, nor how they can be managed. All I can say is, that Audley Egerton shan't be M. P. for Lansmere. Meanwhile you will take care not to commit yourself in speaking, so that our party can't vote for you consistently; they must count on having you—when you get into the House."

"I am not a violent party man at present," answered Randal prudently. "And if public opinion prove on your side, it is the duty of a statesman to go with the times."

"Very sensibly said; and I have a private bill or two, and some other little jobs, I want to get through the House, which we can discuss later, should it come to a frank understanding between us. We must arrange how to meet privately at Lansmere, if necessary. I'll see to that. I shall go down this week. I think of taking a hint from the free and glorious land of America, and establishing secret caucuses. Nothing like 'em."

"Caucuses?"

"Small sub-committees that spy on their men night and day, and don't suffer them to be intimidated to vote the other way."

"You have an extraordinary head for public affairs, Avenel. You should come into Parliament yourself; your nephew is so very young."

"So are you."

"Yes; but I know the world. Does he?"

"The world knows him, though not by name, and he has been the making of me."

"How! You surprise me."

Avenel first explained about the patent which Leonard had secured to him; and next confided, upon honor, Leonard's identity with the anonymous author whom the parson had supposed to be Professor Moss.

Randal Leslie felt a jealous pang. What! then—had this village boy—this associate of John Burley—(literary vagabond, whom he supposed had long since gone to the dogs, and been buried at the expense of the parish)—had this boy so triumphed over birth, rearing, circumstance, that, if Randal and Leonard had met together in any public place, and Leonard's identity with the rising author been revealed, every eye would have turned from Randal to gaze on Leonard! The common consent of mankind would have acknowledged the supreme royalty of genius when it once leaves its solitude, and strides into the world. What! was this rude villager the child of Fame who, without an effort, and unconsciously, had inspired in the wearied heart of Beatrice di Negra a love that Randal knew, by an instinct, no arts, no craft, could ever create for him in the heart of woman! And, now, did this same youth stand on the same level in the ascent to power as he, the well-born Randal Leslie, the accomplished *protégé* of the superb Audley Egerton! Were they to be rivals in the same arena of practical busy life! Randal gnawed his quivering lip.

All the while, however, the young man whom he so envied was a prey to sorrows deeper far than could ever find room or footing in the narrow and stony heart of the unloving schemer. As Leonard walked through the crowded streets with the friend and monitor of his childhood, confiding the simple tale of his earlier trials—when, amidst the wreck of fortune, and in despair of fame, the Child-Angel smiled by his side, like Hope—all renown seemed to him so barren, all the future so dark. His voice trembled, and his countenance became so sad, that his benignant listener, divining that around the image of Helen there clung some passionate grief that overshadowed all worldly success, drew Leonard gently and gently on, till the young man, long yearning for some confidant, told him all;—how, faithful through long years to one pure and ardent memory, Helen had been seen once more—the child ripened to woman, and the memory revealing itself as love.

The parson listened with a mild and thoughtful brow, which expanded into a more cheerful expression as Leonard closed his story.

"I see no reason to despond," said Mr. Dale. "You fear that Miss Digby does not return your attachment; you dwell upon her reserve—her distant, though kindly manner. Cheer up! All young ladies are under the influence of what phrenologists call the organ of Secretiveness, when they are in the society of the object of their preference. Just as you describe Miss Digby's manner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself."

The parson here indulged in a very appropriate digression upon female modesty, which he wound up by asserting, that that estimable virtue became more and more influenced by the secretive organ, in proportion as the favored suitor approached near and nearer to a definite proposal. It was the duty of a gallant and honorable lover to make that proposal in distinct and orthodox form, before it could

be expected that a young lady should commit herself and the dignity of her sex by the slightest hint as to her own inclinations.

"Next," continued the parson, "you choose to torment yourself by contrasting your own origin and fortune with the altered circumstances of Miss Digby—the ward of Lord L'Estrange, the guest of Lady Lansmere. You say that if Lord L'Estrange could have countenanced such a union, he would have adopted a different tone with you—sounded your heart, encouraged your hopes, and so forth. I view things differently. I have reason to do so; and, from all you have told me of this nobleman's interest in your fate, I venture to make you this promise, that if Miss Digby would accept your hand, Lord L'Estrange shall ratify her choice."

"My dear Mr. Dale," cried Leonard, transported, "you make me that promise!"

"I do—from what I have said, and from what I myself know of Lord L'Estrange. Go then, at once, to Knightsbridge—see Miss Digby—show her your heart—explain to her, if you will, your prospects—ask her permission to apply to Lord L'Estrange (since he has constituted himself her guardian); and if Lord L'Estrange, hesitate—which, if your happiness be set on this union, I think he will not—let me know, and leave the rest to me."

Leonard yielded himself to the parson's persuasive eloquence. Indeed, when he recalled to mind those passages in the MS. of the ill-fated Nora, which referred to the love that Harley had once borne to her—for he felt convinced that Harley and the boy-suitors of Nora's narrative were one and the same); and when all the interest that Harley had taken in his own fortunes was explained by his relationship to her (even when Lord L'Estrange had supposed it less close than he would now discover it to be), the young man, reasoning by his own heart, could not but suppose that the noble Harley would rejoice to confer happiness upon the son of her, so beloved by his boyhood.

"And to thee, perhaps, O my mother!" thought Leonard, with swimming eyes—"to thee, perhaps, even in thy grave, I shall owe the partner of my life, as to the mystic breath of thy genius I owed the first purer aspirations of my soul."

It will be seen that Leonard had not confided to the parson his discovery of Nora's MS., nor even his knowledge of his real birth; for, though the reader is aware of what Mr. Dale knew, and what he suspected, the MS. had not once alluded to the parson; and the proud son naturally shrank from any confidence that might call in question Nora's fair name, until at least Harley, who, it was clear from those papers, must have intimately known his father, should perhaps decide the question which the papers themselves left so terribly vague—viz., whether he were the offspring of a legal marriage, or Nora had been the victim of some unholy fraud.

While the parson still talked, and while Leonard still mused and listened, their steps almost mechanically took the direction towards Knightsbridge, and paused at the gates of Lord Lansmere's house.

"Go in, my young friend; I will wait without to know the issue," said the parson cheerfully. "Go; and, with gratitude to Heaven, learn how to bear the most precious joy that can befall mortal man; or how to submit to youth's sharpest sorrow, with the humble belief that even sorrow is but some mercy concealed."

CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD was shown into the drawing-room, and it so chanced that Helen was there alone. The girl's soft face was sadly changed, even since Leonard had seen it last; for the grief of natures, mild and undemonstrative as hers, gnaws with quick ravages; but, at Leonard's unexpected entrance, the color rushed so vividly to the pale cheeks that its hectic might be taken for the lustre of bloom and health. She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion faltered out, "that she believed Lady Lansmere was in her room—she would go for her," and moved towards the door, without seeming to notice the hand tremulously held forth to her; when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable emotions which pierced to her very heart, in the keen accent of reproach—

"Oh, Miss Digby—oh, Helen—is it thus that you greet me—rather thus that you shun me? Could I have foreseen this when we two orphans stood by the mournful bridge: so friendless—so desolate—and so clinging each to each? Happy time!" He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last words, and bowed his face over it.

"I must not hear you. Do not talk so, Leonard—you break my heart. Let me go—let me go." "Is it that I am grown hateful to you; is it merely that you see my love and would discourage it. Helen, speak to me—speak!"

He drew her with tender force towards him; and, holding her firmly by both hands, sought to gaze upon the face that she turned from him—turned in such despair.

"You do not know," she said at last, struggling for composure—"you do not know the new claims on me—my altered position—how I am bound—or you would be the last to speak thus to me, the first to give me courage—and bid me—bid me"—

"Bid you what?"

"Feel nothing here but duty!" cried Helen, drawing from his clasp both her hands, and placing them firmly on her breast.

"Miss Digby," said Leonard, after a short pause of bitter reflection, in which he wronged, while he thought to divine, her meaning, "you speak of new claims on you, your altered position I comprehend. You may retain some tender remembrance of the past; but your duty now, is to rebuke my presumption. It is as I thought and feared. This vain reputation which I have made is but a hollow sound—it gives me no rank, assures me no fortune. I have no right to look for the Helen of old in the Helen of to-day. Be it so—forget what I have said, and forgive me."

This reproach stung to the quick the heart to which it appealed. A flash brightened the meek, tearful eyes, almost like the flash of resentment—her lips writhed in torture, and she felt as if all other pain were light compared with the anguish that Leonard could impute to her motives which to her simple nature seemed so unworthy of her, and so galling to herself.

A word rushed as by inspiration to her lip, and that word calmed and soothed her.

"Brother!" she said, touchingly, "brother!"

The word had a contrary effect on Leonard. Sweet, as it was, tender as the voice that spoke it, it imposed a boundary to affection—it came as a knell to hope. He recoiled, shook his head mournfully—"Too late to accept that tie—too late even for friendship. Henceforth—for long years to come—henceforth, till this heart has ceased to beat

at your name—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."

"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so: we must not meet. O, Leonard Fairfield, who was it that in those days that you recall to me—who was it that found you destitute, and obscure—who, not degrading you by charity, placed you in your right career—opened to you, amidst the labyrinth in which you were well-nigh lost, the broad road to knowledge, independence, fame. Answer me—answer! Was it not the same who reared, sheltered your sister orphan? If I could forget what I have owed to him, should I not remember what he has done for you? Can I hear of your distinction, and not remember it? Can I think how proud she may be who will one day lean on your arm, and bear the name you have already raised beyond all the titles of an hour? Can I think of this, and not remember our common friend, benefactor, guardian? Would you forgive me, if I failed to do so?"

"But," faltered Leonard, fear mingling with the conjectures these words called forth—"but is it that Lord L'Estrange would not consent to our union?—or of what do you speak? You bewilder me."

Helen felt for some moments as if it were impossible to reply; and the words at length were dragged forth as if from the depth of her very soul.

"He came to me—our noble friend. I never dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told me that he was unhappy alone; that in me, and only in me, he could find a comforter, a soother—He, he! And I had just arrived in England—was under his mother's roof—had not then once more seen you; and—and—what could I answer? Strengthen me—strengthen me, you whom I look up to and revere. Yes, yes—you are right. We must see each other no more. I am betrothed to another—to him! Strengthen me!"

All the inherent nobleness of the poet's nature rose at once at this appeal.

"Oh, Helen—sister—Miss Digby, forgive me. You need no strength from me; I borrow it from you. I comprehend you—I respect. Banish all thought of me. Repay our common benefactor. Be what he asks of you—his comforter, his soother;—be more—his pride and his joy. Happiness will come to you, as it comes to those who confer happiness and forget self. God comfort you in the passing struggle; God bless you, in the long years to come. Sister—I accept the holy name now, and will claim it hereafter, when I too can think more of others than myself."

Helen had covered her face with her hands, sobbing; but with that soft womanly constraint which presses woe back into the heart. A strange sense of utter solitude suddenly pervaded her whole being, and by that sense of solitude she knew that he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

In another room in that same house sat, solitary as Helen, a stern, gloomy, brooding man, in whom they who had best known him from his childhood could scarcely have recognized a trace of the humane, benignant, trustful, but wayward and varying Harley L'Estrange.

He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasms of his barren and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths which seemed literally to glare upon him with

mocking and demon eyes. The woman whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life, had loved another. The friend in whom he had confided his whole affectionate loyal soul, had been his perfidious rival. He had read from the first word to the last, as if under a spell that held him breathless; and when he closed the manuscript, it was without groan or sigh; but over his pale lips there passed that withering smile, which is as sure an index of a heart overcharged with dire and fearful passions, as the arrowy flash of the lightning is of the tempests that are gathered within the cloud.

He then thrust the papers into his bosom, and keeping his hand over them, firmly clenched, he left the room, and walked slowly on towards his father's house. With every step by the way, his nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion, and scorn of all that could wear the eyes of affection, or speak with the voice of honor, came fast through the gloom of his thoughts, settling down in the wilderness, grim and menacing as the harpies of ancient song—

—*Unecque manus, et pallida semper Ora—*

Thus the gloomy man had crossed the threshold of his father's house, and silently entered the apartments still set apart for him. He had arrived about an hour before Leonard; and as he stood by the hearth with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed lead-like on the ground, his mother came in to welcome and embrace him. He checked her eager inquiries after Violante—he recoiled from the touch of her hand.

"Hold, madam," said he, startling her ear with the cold austerity of his tone. "I cannot heed your questions—I am filled with the question I must put to yourself. You opposed my boyish love for Leonora Avenel. I do not blame you—all mothers of equal rank would have done the same. Yet, had you not frustrated all frank intercourse with her, I might have taken refusal from her own lips—survived that grief, and now been a happy man. Years since then have rolled away—rolled over her quiet slumbers, and my restless waking life. All this time were you aware that Audley Egerton had been the lover of Leonora Avenel?"

"Harley, Harley! do not speak to me in that cruel voice—do not look at me with those hard eyes!"

"You knew it, then—you, my mother!" continued Harley, unmoved by her rebuke; "and why did you never say, 'Son, you are wasting the bloom and uses of your life in sorrowful fidelity to a lie! You are lavishing trust and friendship on a perfidious hypocrite!'"

"How could I speak to you thus—how could I dare to do so—seeing you still so cherished the memory of that unhappy girl—still believed that she had returned your affection? Had I said to you what I knew (but not till after her death), as to her relations with Audley Egerton?"

"Well, you falter—go on—had you done so?"

"Would you have felt no desire for revenge? Might there not have been strife between you—danger—bloodshed? Harley, Harley! Is not such silence pardonable in a mother? And why deprive you too of the only friend you seemed to prize—who alone had some influence over you—who concurred with me in the prayer and hope, that some day you would find a living partner worthy to re-

place this lost delusion; arouse your faculties—be the ornament your youth promised to your country! For you wrong Audley—indeed you do!"

"Wrong him! Ah! let me not do that. Proceed."

"I do not excuse him his rivalry nor his first concealment of it. But believe me, since then, his genuine remorse, his anxious tenderness for your welfare, his dread of losing your friendship!"

"Stop—it was doubtless Audley Egerton who induced you yourself to conceal what you call his 'relations' with her whom I can now so calmly name—Leonora Avenel!"

"It was so in truth—and from motives that"—

"Enough—let me hear no more."

"But you will not think too sternly of what is past; you are about to form new ties. You cannot be wild and wicked enough to meditate what your brow seems to threaten. You cannot dream of revenge—risk Audley's life or your own!"

"Tut—tut—tut! What cause here for duels! Single combats are out of date—civilized men do not slay each other with sword and pistol. Tut! Revenge! Does it look like revenge, that one object which brings me hither is to request my father's permission to charge myself with the care of Audley Egerton's election? What he values most in the world is his political position; and here his political existence is at stake. You know that I have had through life the character of a weak, easy, somewhat over-generous man. Such men are not revengeful. Hold! you lay your hand on my arm—I know the magic of that light touch, mother; but its power over me is gone. Countess of Lansmere, hear me. Ever from infancy (save in that frantic passion for which I now despise myself), I have obeyed you, I trust, as a dutiful son. Now, our relative positions are somewhat altered. I have the right to exact—I will not say to command—the right that wrong and injury bestow upon all men. Madame, the injured man has prerogatives which rival those of kings. I now call upon you to question me no more—not again to breathe the name of Leonora Avenel, unless I invite the subject; and not to inform Audley Egerton by a hint—by a breath—that I have discovered—what shall I call it?—his 'pardonable deceit.' Promise me this, by your affection as mother, and on your faith as gentlewoman—or I declare solemnly, that never in life will you look upon my face again." Haughty and imperious though the countess was, her spirit quailed before Harley's brow and voice.

"Is this my son—this my gentle Harley?" she said falteringly. "Oh! put your arms round my neck—let me feel that I have not lost my child!"

Harley looked softened, but he did not obey the pathetic prayer; nevertheless, he held out his hand, and, turning away his face, said in a milder voice, "Have I your promise?"

"You have—you have; but on condition that there pass no words between you and Audley that can end but in the strife which—"

"Strife!" interrupted Harley. "I repeat that the idea of challenge and duel between me and my friend from our school days, and on a quarrel that we could explain to no seconds, would be a burlesque upon all that is grave in the realities of life and feeling. I accept your promise, and seal it thus—"

He pressed his lips to his mother's forehead, and passively received her embrace.

"Hush," he said, withdrawing from her arms, "I hear my father's voice."

Lord Lansmere threw open the door widely, and with a certain consciousness that a door by which an Earl of Lansmere entered ought to be thrown open widely. It could not have been opened with more majesty if a *huissier* or officer of the Household had stood on either side. The countess passed by her lord with a light step, and escaped.

"I was occupied with my architect in designs for the new infirmary, of which I shall make a present to our county. I have only just heard that you were here, Harley. What is all this about our fair Italian guest? Is she not coming back to us? Your mother refers me to you for explanations."

"You shall have them later, my dear father; at present I can think only of public affairs."

"Public affairs!—they are indeed alarming. I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so worthily. An awful crisis, Harley! And, gracious Heaven! I have heard that a low man, who was born in Lansmere, but made a fortune in America, is about to contest the borough. They tell me he is one of the Avenels—a born Blue—is it possible?"

"I have come here on that business. As a peer you cannot, of course, interfere. But I propose, with your leave, to go down myself to Lansmere, and undertake the superintendence of the election. It would be better, perhaps, if you were not present; it would give us more liberty of action."

"My dear Harley, shake hands; anything you please. You know how I have wished to see you come forward, and take that part in life which becomes your birth."

"Ah, you think I have sadly wasted my existence hitherto."

"To be frank with you, yes, Harley," said the earl, with a pride that was noble in its nature, and not without dignity in its expression. "The more we take from our country, the more we owe to her. From the moment you came into the world, as the inheritor of lands and honors, you were charged with a trust for the benefit of others, that it degrades one of our order of gentlemen not to discharge."

Harley listened with a sombre brow, and made no direct reply.

"Indeed," resumed the earl, "I would rather you were about to canvass for yourself than for your friend Egerton. But I grant he is an example that it is never too late to follow. Why, who that had seen you both as youths, notwithstanding Audley had the advantage of being some years your senior—who could have thought that he was the one to become distinguished and eminent—and you to degenerate into the luxurious idler, averse to all trouble, and careless of all fame? You with such advantages, not only of higher fortune, but, as every one said, of superior talents—you, who had then so much ambition—so keen a desire for glory, sleeping with Plutarch's *Lives* under your pillow, and only, my wild son, only too much energy. But you are a young man still—it is not too late to redeem the years you have thrown away."

"The years—are nothing—mere dates in an almanac; but the feelings, what can give me back those!—the hope, the enthusiasm, the—no matter! feelings do not help men to rise in the world. Egerton's feelings are not too lively. What I might have been—leave it to me to remember—let us talk of the example you set before me—of Audley Egerton."

"We must get him in," said the earl, sinking his voice into a whisper. "It is of more importance

to him than I even thought for. But you know his secrets. Why did you not confide to me frankly the state of his affairs?"

"His affairs! Do you mean that they are seriously embarrassed? This interests me much. Pray speak; what do you know?"

"He has discharged the greater part of his establishment. That in itself is natural on quitting office; but still it set people talking; and it has got wind that his estates are not only mortgaged for more than they are worth, but that he has been living upon the discount of bills; in short, he has been too intimate with a man whom we all know by sight—a man who drives the finest horses in London, and they tell me (but that I cannot believe), lives in the familiar society of the young puppies he snares to perdition. What's the man's name? Levy, is it not?—yes, Levy."

"I have seen Levy with him," said Harley; and a sinister joy lighted up his falcon eyes. "Levy—Levy—it is well."

"I hear but the gossip of the clubs," resumed the earl. "But they do say that Levy makes little disguise of his power over our very distinguished friend, and rather parades it as a merit with our party (and, indeed, with all men—for Egerton has personal friends in every party), that he keeps sundry bills locked up in his desk until Egerton is once more safe in Parliament. Nevertheless if, after all, our friend were to lose his election, and Levy were then to seize on his effects, and proclaim his ruin—it would seriously damage, perhaps altogether destroy, Audley's political career."

"So I conclude," said Harley. "A Charles Fox might be a gamester, and a William Pitt be a pauper. But Audley Egerton is not of their giant stature;—he stands so high because he stands on heaps of respectable gold. Audley Egerton, needy and impoverished—out of Parliament, and, as the vulgar slang has it, out at elbows, skulking from duns—perhaps in the Bench—"

"No, no—our party would never allow that; we would subscribe—"

"Or, worse than all, living as the pensioner of the party he aspired to lead! You say truly. His political prospects would be blasted. A man whose reputation lay in his outward respectability! Why, people would say that Audley Egerton has been a—solemn lie; eh, my father?"

"How can you talk with such coolness of your friend? You need say nothing to interest me in his election—if you mean that. Once in Parliament, he must soon again be in office—and learn to live on his salary. You must get him to submit to me the schedule of his liabilities. I have a head for business, as you know. I will arrange his affairs for him. And I will yet bet five to one, though I hate wagers, that he will be prime minister in three years. He is not brilliant, it is true; but just at this crisis we want a safe, moderate, judicious, conciliatory man; and Audley has so much tact, such experience of the House, such knowledge of the world, and," added the earl, emphatically summoning up his eulogies, "he is so thoroughly a gentleman."

"A thorough gentleman, as you say—the soul of honor! But, my dear father, it is your hour for riding; let me not detain you. It is settled, then; you do not come yourself to Lansmere. You put the house at my disposal, and allow me to invite Egerton, of course, and what other guests I may please; in short, you leave all to me?"

"Certainly; and if you cannot get in your friend

who can! That borough, it is an awkward, ungrateful place, and has been the plague of my life. So much as I've spent there, too—so much good as I have done to its trade." And the earl, with an indignant sigh, left the room.

Harley seated himself deliberately at his writing-table, leaning his face on his hand, and looking abstractedly into space from under knit and lowering brows.

Harley L'Estrange was, as we have seen, a man singularly tenacious of affections and impressions. He was a man, too, whose nature was eminently bold, loyal, and candid; even the apparent whim and levity which misled the world, both as to his dispositions and his powers, might be half ascribed to that open temper which, in its over contempt for all that seemed to savor of hypocrisy, sported with forms and ceremonials, and extracted humor—sometimes extravagant, sometimes profound—from "the solemn plausibilities of the world." The shock he had now received smote the very foundations of his mind, and, overthrowing all the airier structures which fancy and wit had built upon its surface, left it clear as a new world for the operations of the darker and more fearful passions. When a man of a heart so loving, and a nature so irregularly powerful as Harley's, suddenly and abruptly discovers deceit where he had most confided, it is not (as with the calmer pupils of that harsh teacher, Experience) the mere withdrawal of esteem and affection from the one offender—it is, that trust in everything seems gone—it is, that the injured spirit looks back to the Past, and condemns all its kindlier virtues as follies that conduced to its own woe; and looks on to the Future as to a journey beset with smiling traitors, whom it must meet with an equal stimulation, or crush with a superior force. The guilt of treason to men like these is incalculable—it robs the world of all the benefits they would otherwise have lavished as they passed—it is responsible for all the ills that spring from the corruption of natures, whose very luxuriance, when the atmosphere is once tainted, does but diffuse disease—even as the malaria settles not over thin and barren soils, nor over wastes that have been from all time desolate, but over the places in which southern suns had once ripened delightful gardens, or the sites of cities, in which the pomp of palaces has passed away.

It was not enough that the friend of his youth, the confidant of his love, had betrayed his trust—been the secret and successful rival—not enough that the woman his boyhood had madly idolized, and all the while he had sought her traces with pining, remorseful heart—believing she but eluded his suit from the emulation of a kindred generosity—desiring rather to sacrifice her own love than to cost to his the sacrifice of all which youth rashly scorns and the world so highly estimates;—not enough that all this while her refuge had been the bosom of another. This was not enough of injury. His whole life had been wasted on a delusion—his faculties and aims—the wholesome ambition of lofty minds, had been arrested at the very outset of fair existence—his heart corroded by a regret for which there was no cause—his conscience charged with the terror that his wild chase had urged a too tender victim to the grave, over which he had mourned. What years, that might otherwise have been to himself so serene, to the world so useful, had been consumed in objectless, barren, melancholy dreams! And all this while to whom had

his complaints been uttered!—to the man who knew that his remorse was an idle spectre, and his faithful sorrow a mocking self-deceit. Every thought that could gall man's natural pride—every remembrance that could sting into revenge a heart that had loved too deeply not to be accessible to hate—contributed to goad those maddening Furies who come into every temple which is once desecrated by the presence of the evil passions. Vengeance took, in that sullen twilight of the soul, the form of Justice. Changed though his feelings towards Leonora Avenel were, the story of her grief and her wrongs embittered still more his wrath against his rival. The fragments of her memoir left naturally on Harley's mind the conviction that she had been the victim of an infamous fraud—the dupe of a false marriage. His idol had not only been stolen from the altar, it had been sullied by the sacrifice—broken with remorseless hand, and thrust into dishonored clay—mutilated, defamed—its very memory a thing of contempt to him who had ravished it from worship. The living Harley and the dead Nora—both called aloud to their joint despoiler, "Restore what thou hast taken from us, or pay the forfeit!"

Thus, then, during the interview between Helen and Leonard, thus Harley L'Estrange sat alone; and as a rude, irregular lump of steel, when wheeled round into rapid motion, assumes the form of the circle it describes, so his iron purpose, hurried on by his relentless passion, filled the space into which he gazed with optical delusions—scheme after scheme revolving and consummating the circles that clasped a foe.

CHAPTER XV.

THE entrance of a servant announcing a name which Harley, in the absorption of his gloomy reverie, did not hear, was followed by that of a person on whom he lifted his eyes in the cold and haughty surprise with which a man, much occupied, greets and rebukes the intrusion of an unwelcome stranger.

"It is so long since your lordship has seen me," said the visitor with mild dignity, "that I cannot wonder you do not recognize my person, and have forgotten my name."

"Sir," answered Harley, with an impatient rudeness, ill in harmony with the urbanity for which he was usually distinguished—"sir, your person is strange to me, and your name I did not hear; but, at all events, I am not now at leisure to attend to you. Excuse my plainness."

"Yet, pardon me if I still linger. My name is Dale. I was formerly curate at Lansmere; and I would speak to your lordship in the name and the memory of one once dear to you—Leonora Avenel."

Harley, (after a short pause.)—"Sir, I cannot conjecture your business. But be seated. I remember you now, though years have altered both, and I have since heard much in your favor from Leonard Fairfield. Still let me pray that you will be brief."

Mr. Dale.—"May I assume at once that you have divined the parentage of the young man you call Fairfield? When I listened to his grateful praises of your beneficence, and marked with melancholy pleasure the reverence in which he holds you, my heart swelled within me. I acknowledged the mysterious force of nature."

Harley.—"Force of nature! You talk in riddles."

Mr. Dale, (indignantly).—"Oh, my lord, how can you so disguise your better self? Surely in Leonard Fairfield you have long since recognized the son of Nora Avenel!"

Harley passed his hand over his face. "Ah!" thought he, "she lived to bear a son, then—a son to Egerton. Leonard is that son. I should have known it by the likeness—by the fond, foolish impulse that moved me to him. This is why he confided to me these fearful memoirs. He seeks his father—he shall find him."

Mr. Dale, (mistaking the cause of Harley's silence).—"I honor your compunction, my lord. Oh! let your heart and your conscience continue to speak to your worldly pride."

Harley.—"My compunction, heart, conscience! Mr. Dale, you insult me!"

Mr. Dale, (sternly).—"Not so; I am fulfilling my mission, which bids me rebuke the sinner. Leonora Avenel speaks in me, and commands the guilty father to acknowledge the innocent child!"

Harley half rose, and his eyes literally flashed fire; but he calmed his anger into irony. "Ha!" said he, with a sarcastic smile, "so you suppose that I was the perfidious seducer of Nora Avenel—that I am the callous father of the child who came into the world without a name. Very well, sir, taking these assumptions for granted, what is it you demand from me on behalf of this young man?"

"I ask from you his happiness," replied Mr. Dale, imploringly; and, yielding to the compassion with which Leonard inspired him, and persuaded that Lord L'Estrange felt a father's love for the boy whom he had saved from the whirlpool of London and guided to safety and honorable independence, he here, with simple eloquence, narrated all Leonard's feelings for Helen—his silent fidelity to her image, though a child's—his love when again he beheld her as a woman—the modest fears which the parson himself had combated—the recommendation that Mr. Dale had forced upon him to confess his affection to Helen, and plead his cause. "Anxious, as you may believe, for his success," continued the parson, "I waited without your gates till he came from Miss Digby's presence. And oh, my lord, had you but seen his face!—such emotion and such despair! I could not learn from him what had passed. He escaped from me, and rushed away. All that I could gather was from a few broken words, and from those words I formed the conjecture (it may be erroneous) that the obstacle to his happiness was not in Helen's heart, my lord, but seemed to me as if it were in yourself. Therefore, when he had vanished from my sight, I took courage, and came at once to you. If he be your son, and Helen Digby be your ward—she herself an orphan, dependent on your bounty—why should they be severed? Equals in years—united by early circumstance—congenial, it seems, in simple habits and refined tastes—what should hinder their union, unless it be the want of fortune!—and all men know your wealth—none ever questioned your generosity. My lord, my lord, your look freezes me. If I have offended, do not visit my offence on him—on Leonard!"

"And so," said Harley, still controlling his rage, "so this boy—whom, as you say, I saved from that pitiless world which has engulfed many a nobler genius—so, in return for all, he has sought to rob me of the last affection, poor and lukewarm though it was, that remained to me in

life. He presume to lift his eyes to my affianced bride! He! And for aught I know, steal from me her living heart, and leave to me her icy hand!"

"Oh, my lord, your affianced bride! I never dreamed of this. I implore your pardon. The very thought is so terrible—so unnatural—the son to woo the father's—! Oh, what sin have I fallen into! The sin was mine—I urged and persuaded him to it. He was as ignorant as myself. Forgive him, forgive him!"

"Mr. Dale," said Harley, rising, and extending his hand, which the poor parson felt himself unworthy to take—"Mr. Dale, you are a good man—if, indeed, this universe of liars contains some man who does not cheat our judgment when we deem him honest. Allow me only to ask why you consider Leonard Fairfield to be my son?"

"Was not your youthful admiration for poor Nora evident to me? Remember I was a frequent guest at Lansmere Park; and it was so natural that you, with all your brilliant gifts, should captivate her refined fancy—her affectionate heart."

"Natural, you think so—go on."

"Your mother, as became her, separated you. It was not unknown to me that you still cherished a passion which your rank forbade to be lawful. Poor girl; she left the roof of her protectress, Lady Jane. Nothing was known of her till she came to her father's house to give birth to a child, and die. And the same day that dawned on her corpse, you hurried from the place. Ah! no doubt your conscience smote you—you have never returned since."

Harley's breast heaved—he waved his hand—the parson resumed—

"Whom could I suspect but you? I made inquiries; they confirmed my suspicions."

"Perhaps you inquired of my friend, Mr. Egerton? He was with me when—when—as you say, I hurried from the place."

"I did, my lord."

"And he?"

"Denied your guilt; but still, a man of honor so nice, of heart so feeling, could not feign readily. His denial did not deceive me."

"Honest man!" said Harley; and his hand gripped at the breast over which still rustled, as if with a ghostly sigh, the records of the dead. "He knew she had left a son, too?"

"He did, my lord; of course, I told him that."

"The son whom I found starving in the streets of London! Mr. Dale, as you see, your words move me very much. I cannot deny that he who wronged, it may be with no common treachery, that young mother—for Nora Avenel was not one to be lightly seduced into error—"

"Indeed, no!"

"And who then thought no more of the offspring of her anguish and his own crime—I cannot deny that that man deserves some chastisement—should render some atonement. Am I not right here? Answer with the plain speech which becomes your sacred calling."

"I cannot say otherwise, my lord," replied the parson, pitying what appeared to him such remorse. "But if he repent—"

"Enough," interrupted Harley. "I now invite you to visit me at Lansmere; give me your address, and I will apprise you of the day on which I will request your presence. Leonard Fairfield shall find a father—I was about to say, worthy of himself. For the rest—stay; reseat yourself. For the rest"—and again the sinister smile broke

from Harley's eye and lip—"I cannot yet say whether I can, or ought, to resign to a younger and fairer suitor the lady who has accepted my own hand. I have no reason yet to believe that she prefers him. But what think you, meanwhile, of this proposal? Mr. Avenel wishes his nephew to contest the borough of Lansmere—has urged me to obtain the young man's consent. True, that he may thus endanger the seat of Mr. Audley Egerton. What then? Mr. Audley Egerton is a great man, and may find another seat; that should not stand in the way. Let Leonard obey his uncle. If he win the election, why, he'll be a more equal match, in the world's eye, for Miss Digby—that is, should she prefer him to myself; and if she do not, still, in public life, there is a cure for all private sorrow. That is a maxim of Mr. Audley Egerton's; and he, you know, is a man not only of the nicest honor, but the most worldly wisdom. Do you like my proposition?"

"It seems to me most considerate—most generous."

"Then you shall take to Leonard the lines I am about to write."

Lord L'Estrange to Leonard Fairfield.

"I have read the memoir you intrusted to me. I will follow up all the clues that it gives me. Meanwhile I request you to suspend all questions—forebear all reference to a subject which, as you may well conjecture, is fraught with painful recollections to myself. At this moment, too, I am compelled to concentrate my thoughts upon affairs of a public nature, and yet which may sensibly affect yourself. There are reasons why I urge you to comply with your uncle's wish, and stand for the borough of Lansmere at the approaching election. If the exquisite gratitude of your nature so overrates what I may have done for you, that you think you owe me some obligations, you will richly repay them on the day in which I hear you hailed as member for Lansmere. Relying on that generous principle of self-sacrifice, which actuates all your conduct, I shall count upon your surrendering your preference to private life, and entering the arena of that noble ambition, which has conferred such dignity on the name of my friend Audley Egerton. He, it is true, will be your opponent; but he is too generous not to pardon my zeal for the interests of a youth whose career I am vain enough to think that I have aided. And as Mr. Randal Leslie stands in coalition with Egerton, and Mr. Avenel believes that two candidates of the same party cannot both succeed, the result may be to the satisfaction of all the feelings which I entertain for Audley Egerton, and for you, who, I have reason to think, will emulate his titles to my esteem.

"Yours,

"L'ESTRANGE."

"There, Mr. Dale," said Harley, sealing his letter, and giving it into the parson's hands. "There, you shall deliver this note to him. But no—upon second thoughts, since he does not yet know of your visit to me, it is best that he should be still in ignorance of it. For should Miss Digby resolve to abide by her present engagements, it were surely kind to save Leonard the pain of learning that you had communicated to me that rivalry he himself had concealed. Let all that has passed between us be kept in strict confidence."

"I will obey you, my lord," answered the par-

son meekly, startled to find that he who had come to arrogate authority, was now submitting to commands; and all at fault what judgment he could venture to pass upon the man whom he had regarded as a criminal, who had not even denied the crime imputed to him, yet who now impressed the accusing priest with something of that respect which Mr. Dale had never before conceded but to virtue. Could he have then but looked into the dark and stormy heart, which he twice misread!

"It is well—very well," muttered Harley, when the door had closed upon the parson. "The viper and the viper's brood! So it was this man's son that I led from the dire 'Slough of Despond;' and the son unconsciously imitates the father's gratitude and honor—Ha—ha!" Suddenly the bitter laugh was arrested; a flash of almost celestial joy darted through the warring elements of storm and darkness. If Helen returned Leonard's affection, Harley L'Estrange was free! And through that flash the face of Violante shone upon him as an angel's. But the heavenly light and the angel face vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the black abyss of the rent and tortured soul.

"Fool!" said the unhappy man, aloud, in his anguish—"fool! what then? Were I free, would it be to trust my fate again to falsehood? If, in all the bloom and glory of my youth, I failed to win the heart of a village girl—if, once more deluding myself, it is in vain that I have tended, reared, cherished, some germ of woman's human affection in the orphan I saved from penury—how look for love in the brilliant princess, whom all the sleek Lotharios of our gaudy world will surround with their homage when once she alights in their sphere! If perfidy be my fate—what hell of hells in the thought!—that a wife might lay her head in my bosom—and—oh, horror! horror!—No!—I would not accept her hand were it offered, nor believe in her love were it pledged to me. Stern soul of mine—wise at last, love never more—never more believe in truth!"

CHAPTER XVI.

As Harley quitted the room, Helen's pale, sweet face looked forth from a door in the same corridor. She advanced towards him timidly.

"May I speak with you?" she said, in almost inaudible accents. "I have been listening for your footsteps."

Harley looked at her steadfastly. Then, without a word, he followed her into the room she had left, and closed the door.

"I too," said he, "meant to seek an interview with yourself—but later. You would speak to me, Helen—say on. Ah! child, what mean you? Why this?"—for Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Let me kneel," she said, resisting the hand that sought to raise her. "Let me kneel till I have explained all, and perhaps won your pardon. You said something the other evening. It has weighed on my heart and my conscience ever since. You said 'that I should have no secret from you: for that, in our relation to each other, would be deceit.' I have had a secret; but, oh believe me! it was long ere it was clearly visible to myself. You honored me with a suit so far beyond my birth, my merits. You said that I might console and comfort you. At those words, what answer could I give!—I who owe you so much more than a daughter's duty! And I thought that my affections were free—that they would obey that duty. But—but—but—" continued Helen, bowing her

head still lowlier, and in a voice far fainter—"I deceived myself. I again saw *him* who had been all in the world to me, when the world was so terrible—and then—and then—I trembled. I was terrified at my own memories—my own thoughts. Still I struggled to banish the past—resolutely—firmly. Oh, you believe me, do you not? And I hoped to conquer. Yet ever since those words of yours, I felt that I ought to tell you even of the struggle. This is the first time we have met since you spoke them. And now—now—I have seen him again, and—and—though not by a word could she you had deigned to woo as your bride, encourage hope in another—though there—there where you now stand—he bade me farewell, and we parted as if forever;—yet—yet—O Lord L'Estrange! in return for your rank, wealth, your still nobler gifts of nature—what could I bring—something more than gratitude, esteem, reverence—at least an undivided heart, filled with your image, and yours alone. And this I cannot give. Pardon me—not for what I say now, but for not saying it before. Pardon me, O my benefactor, pardon me!"

"Rise, Helen," said Harley, with relaxing brow, though still unwilling to yield to one softer and hollier emotion. "Rise!" And he lifted her up, and drew her towards the light. "Let me look at your face. There seems no guile here. These tears are surely honest. If I cannot be loved, it is my fate, and not your crime. Now, listen to me. If you grant me nothing else, will you give me the obedience which the ward owes to the guardian—the child to the parent?"

"Yes, oh yes!" murmured Helen.

"Then, while I release you from all troth to me, I claim the right to refuse, if I so please it, my assent to the suit of—of the person you prefer. I acquit you of deceit, but I reserve to myself the judgment I shall pass on him. Until I myself sanction that suit, will you promise not to recall in any way the rejection which, if I understand you rightly, you have given to it?"

"I promise."

"And if I say to you, 'Helen, this man is not worthy of you—'"

"No, no! do not say that—I could not believe you."

Harley frowned, but resumed calmly—"If, then, I say—'Ask me not wherefore, but I forbid you to be the wife of Leonard Fairfield,' what would be your answer?"

"Ah, my lord, if you can but comfort him, do with me as you will; but do not command me to break his heart."

"Oh, silly child," cried Harley, laughing scornfully, "hearts are not found in the race from which that man sprang. But I take your promise, with its credulous condition. Helen, I pity you. I have been as weak as you, bearded man though I be. Some day or other, you and I may live to laugh at the follies at which you weep now. I can give you no other comfort, for I know of none."

He moved to the door, paused at the threshold. "I shall not see you again for some days, Helen. Perhaps I may request my mother to join me at Lansmere; if so, I shall pray you to accompany her. For the present, let all believe that our position is unchanged. The time will soon come when I may—"

Helen looked up wistfully through her tears—

"I may release you from all duties to me, continued Harley with grave and severe coldness; "or I may claim your promise in spite of the condition; for your lover's heart will not be broken. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Harley entered London, he came suddenly upon Randal Leslie, who was hurrying from Eaton Square, having not only accompanied Mr. Avenel in his walk, but gone home with him, and spent half the day in that gentleman's society. He was now on his way to the House of Commons, at which some disclosure as to the day for the dissolution of Parliament was expected.

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, "I must stop you. I have been to Norwood and seen our noble friend. He has confided to me, of course, all that passed. How can I express my gratitude to you? By what rare talent—with signal courage—you have saved the happiness—perhaps even the honor—of my plighted bride!"

"Your bride! The duke, then, still holds to the promise you were fortunate enough to obtain from Riccabocca?"

"He confirms that promise more solemnly than ever. You may well be surprised at his magnanimity."

"No; he is a philosopher—nothing in him can surprise me. But he seemed to think, when I saw him, that there were circumstances you might find it hard to explain."

"Hard! Nothing so easy. Allow me to tender to you the same explanations which satisfied one whom philosophy itself has made as open to truth as he is clear-sighted to imposture."

"Another time, my dear Mr. Leslie. If your bride's father be satisfied, what right have I to doubt? By the way, you stand for Lansmere. Do me the favor to fix your quarters at the Park during the election. You will, of course, accompany Mr. Egerton."

"You are most kind," answered Randal, greatly surprised.

"You accept? That is well. We shall then have ample opportunity for those explanations which you honor me by offering; and, to make your visit still more agreeable, I may perhaps induce our friends at Norwood to meet you. Good day."

Harley walked on, leaving Randal motionless in amaze, but tormented with suspicion. What could such courtesies in Lord L'Estrange portend? Surely no good.

"I am about to hold the balance of justice," said Harley to himself. "I will cast the light-weight of that knave into the scale. Violante never can be mine; but I did not save her from a Peschiera, to leave her to a Randal Leslie. Ha, ha! Audley Egerton has some human feeling—tenderness for that youth whom he has selected from the world, in which he left Nora's child to the jaws of famine. Through that side I can reach at his heart, and prove him a fool like myself where he esteemed and confided! Good."

Thus soliloquizing, Lord L'Estrange gained the corner of Bruton Street, when he was again somewhat abruptly accosted.

"My dear Lord L'Estrange, let me shake you by the hand; for Heaven knows when I may see you again; and you have suffered me to assist in one good action."

"Frank Hazeldean, I am pleased indeed to meet you. Why do you indulge in that melancholy doubt as to the time when I may see you again?"

"I have just got leave of absence. I am not well, and I am rather hipped, so I shall go abroad for a few weeks."

In spite of himself, the sombre brooding man felt interest and sympathy in the dejection that

was evident in Frank's voice and countenance. "Another dupe to affection," thought he, as if in apology to himself; "naturally, of course, a dupe; he is honest and artless—at present." He pressed kindly on the arm which he had involuntarily twined within his own. "I conceive how you now grieve, my young friend," said he; "but you will congratulate yourself hereafter on what this day seems to you an affliction."

"My dear lord—"

"I am much older than you, but not old enough for such formal ceremony. Pray, call me L'Estrange."

"Thank you; and I should indeed like to speak to you as a friend. There is a thought on my mind which haunts me. I dare say it is foolish enough, but I am sure *you* will not laugh at me. You heard what Madame di Negra said to me last night. I have been trifled with and misled, but I cannot forget so soon how dear to me that woman was. I am not going to bore you with such nonsense; but, from what I can understand, her brother is likely to lose all his fortune; and even if not, he is a sad scoundrel. I cannot bear the thought that she should be so dependent on him—that she may come to want. After all, there must be good in her—good in her to refuse my hand if she did not love me. A mercenary woman so circumstanced would not have done that."

"You are quite right. But do not torment yourself with such generous fears. Madame di Negra shall not come to want—shall not be dependent on her infamous brother. The first act of the Duke of Serrano, on regaining his estates, will be a suitable provision for his kinswoman. I will answer for this."

"You take a load off my mind. I did mean to ask you to intercede with Riceabocca—that is, the duke; (it is so hard to think he can be a duke!) I, alas! have nothing in my power to bestow upon Madame di Negra. I may, indeed, sell my commission; but then I have a debt which I long to pay off, and the sale of the commission would not suffice even for that; and perhaps my father might be still more angry if I do sell it. Well, good-by. I shall now go away happy—that is, comparatively. One must bear things like—a man!"

"I should like, however, to see you again before you go abroad. I will call on you. Meanwhile, can you tell me the number of one Baron Levy? He lives in this street, I know."

"Levy! Oh have no dealings with him, I advise—I entreat you! He is the most plausible, dangerous rascal; and, for Heaven's sake! pray be warned by me, and let nothing entangle you into—a *post-obit*!"

"Be reassured; I am more accustomed to lend money than borrow it; and, as to a *post-obit*, I have a foolish prejudice against such transactions."

"Don't call it foolish, L'Estrange; I honor you for it. How I wish I had known you earlier—so few men of the world are like you. Even Randal Leslie, who is so faultless in most things, and never gets into a scrape himself, called my own scruples foolish. However—"

"Stay—Randal Leslie! What! He advised you to borrow on a *post-obit*, and probably shared the loan with you?"

"Oh, no; not a shilling."

"Tell me all about it, Frank. Perhaps, as I see that Levy is mixed up in the affair, your information may be useful to myself, and put me

on my guard in dealing with that popular gentleman."

Frank, who somehow or other felt himself quite at home with Harley, and who, with all his respect for Randal Leslie's talents, had a vague notion that Lord L'Estrange was quite as clever, and, from his years and experience, likely to be a safer and more judicious counsellor, was no ways loath to impart the confidence thus pressed for.

He told Harley of his debts—his first dealings with Levy—the unhappy *post-obit* into which he had been hurried by the distress of Madame di Negra—his father's anger—his mother's letter—his own feelings of mingled shame and pride, which made him fear that repentance would but seem self-interest—his desire to sell his commission, and let its sale redeem in part the *post-obit*; in short, he made what is called a clean breast of it. Randal Leslie was necessarily mixed up with this recital; and the subtle cross-questioning of Harley extracted far more as to that young diplomat's agency in all these melancholy concerns, than the ingenuous narrator himself was aware of.

"So, then," said Harley, "Mr. Leslie assured you of Madame di Negra's affection, when you yourself doubted of it?"

"Yes; she took him in, even more than she did me."

"Simple Mr. Leslie! And the same kind friend—who is related to you—did you say?"

"His grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Humph. The same kind relation led you to believe that you could pay off this bond with the marchesa's portion, and that he could obtain the consent of your parents to your marriage with that lady?"

"I ought to have known better; my father's prejudices against foreigners and papists are so strong."

"And now Mr. Leslie concurs with you, that it is best for you to go abroad, and trust to his intercession with your father. He has evidently then gained a great influence over Mr. Hazeldean."

"My father naturally compares me with him—he so clever, so promising, so regular in his habits, and I such a reckless scapegrace."

"And the bulk of your father's property is unentailed—Mr. Hazeldean might disinherit you?"

"I deserve it. I hope he will."

"You have no brothers nor sisters—no relation, perhaps, nearer to you than your excellent friend, Mr. Randal Leslie?"

"No; that is the reason he is so kind to me, otherwise I am the last person to suit him. You have no idea how well-informed and clever he is," added Frank in a tone between admiration and awe.

"My dear Hazeldean, you will take my advice, will you not?"

"Certainly. You are too good."

"Let all your family, Mr. Leslie included, suppose you to be gone abroad; but stay quietly in England, and within a day's journey of Lansmere Park. I am obliged to go thither for the approaching election. I may ask you to come over. I think I see a way to serve you; and if so, you will soon hear from me. Now Baron Levy's Number."

"That is the house with the cabriolet at the door. How such a fellow can have such a horse!—'t is out of all keeping!"

"Not at all; horses are high-spirited, generous, unsuspicious animals—they never know that it is

a rogue who drives them! I have your promise then, and you will send me your address!"

"I will. Strange that I feel more confidence in you than I do even in Randal! Do take care of Levy."

Lord L'Estrange and Frank here shook hands, and Frank, with an anxious groan, saw L'Estrange disappear within the portals of the sleek destroyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD L'ESTRANGE followed the spruce servant into Baron Levy's luxurious study.

The baron looked greatly amazed at his unexpected visitor; but he got up—handed a chair to my lord with a low bow. "This is an honor," said he.

"You have a charming abode here," said Lord L'Estrange, looking round. "Very fine bronzes—excellent taste. Your reception-rooms above are, doubtless, a model to all decorators!"

"Would your lordship condescend to see them?" said Levy—wondering—but flattered.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Lights!" cried Levy to the servant who answered the bell. "Lights in the drawing-rooms. It is growing dark."

Lord L'Estrange followed the usurer up stairs; admired everything—pictures, draperies, *Sèvres* china, to the very shape of the downy *fauteuils*, to the very pattern of the Tournay carpet. Reclining then on one of the voluptuous sofas, Lord L'Estrange said, smilingly, "You are a wise man; there is no advantage in being rich, unless one enjoys one's riches."

"My own maxim, Lord L'Estrange."

"And it is something, too, to have a taste for good society. Small pride would you have, my dear baron, in these rooms, luxurious though they are, if filled with guests of vulgar exterior and plebeian manners. It is only in the world in which we move that we find persons who harmonize, as it were, with the porcelain of *Sèvres*, and these sofas that might have come from Versailles."

"I own," said Levy, "that I have what some may call a weakness in a *parvenu* like myself. I have a love for the *beau monde*. It is indeed a pleasure to me when I receive men like your lordship."

"But why call yourself a *parvenu*? Though you are contented to honor the name of Levy, we, in society, all know that you are the son of a long-descended English peer. Child of love, it is true; but the Graces smile on those over whose birth Venus presided. Pardon my old-fashioned mythological smiles—they go so well—with these rooms—*Louis Quinze*."

"Since you touch on my birth," said Levy, his color rather heightening, not with shame but with pride, "I don't deny that it has had some effect on my habits and tastes in life. In fact—"

"In fact, own that you would be a miserable man, in spite of all your wealth, if the young dandies, who throng to your banquets, were to cut you dead in the streets;—if, when your high-stepping horse stopped at your club, the porter shut the door in your face;—if, when you lounged into the opera pit, handsome dog that you are, each spendthrift rake in 'Fop's Alley,' who now waits but the scratch of your pen to endorse *billet-doux* with the charm that can chain to himself for a month some nymph of the *Ballet*, spinning round in a whirlwind of *tulle*, would shrink from the touch of your condescending fore-finger with more

dread of its contact than a bailiff's arrest in the thick of Pall-Mall could inspire;—if, reduced to the company of city clerks, parasite led-cap-tains—"

"Oh, don't go on, my dear lord," cried Levy, laughing affectedly. "Impossible though the picture be, it is really appalling. Cut me off from May Fair and St. James', and I should go into my strong closet and hang myself."

"And yet, my dear baron, all this may happen if I have the whim just to try;—all this *will* happen, unless, ere I leave your house, you concede the conditions I came here to impose."

"My lord!" exclaimed Levy, starting up, and pulling down his waistcoat with nervous, passionate fingers, "if you were not under my own roof I would—"

"Truce with mock heroics. Sit down, sir—sit down. I will briefly state my threat—more briefly my conditions. You will be scarcely more prolix in your reply. Your fortune I cannot touch—your enjoyment of it I can destroy. Refuse my conditions—make me your enemy—and war to the knife! I will interrogate all the young dupes you have ruined. I will learn the history of all the transactions by which you have gained the wealth that it pleases you to spend in courting the society and sharing the vices of men who—go with these rooms, *Louis Quinze*. Not a rogery of yours shall escape me, down even to your last notable connivance with an Italian reprobate for the criminal abstraction of an heiress. All these particulars I will proclaim in the clubs to which you have gained admittance—in every club in London which you yet hope to creep into. All these I will impart to some such authority in the Press as Mr. Henry Norreys;—all these I will, upon the voucher of my own name, have so published in some journals of repute, that you must either tacitly submit to the revelations that blast you, or bring before a court of law, actions that will convert accusations into evidence. It is but by sufferance that you are now in society—you are excluded when one man like me comes forth to denounce you. You try in vain to sneer at my menace—your white lips show your terror. I have rarely in life drawn any advantage from my rank and position; but I am thankful that they give me the power to make my voice respected and my exposure triumphant. Now, Baron Levy, will you go into your strong closet and hang yourself, or will you grant me my very moderate conditions? You are silent, I will relieve you, and state those conditions. Until the general election, about to take place, is concluded, you will obey me to the letter in all that I enjoin—no demur, and no scruple. And the first proof of obedience I demand, is your candid disclosure of all Mr. Audley Egerton's pecuniary affairs."

"Has my client, Mr. Egerton, authorized you to request of me that disclosure?"

"On the contrary, all that passes between us you will conceal from your client."

"You would save him from ruin? Your trusty friend, Mr. Egerton!" said the baron with a livid sneer.

"Wrong again, Baron Levy. If I would save him from ruin, you are scarcely the man I should ask to assist me."

"Ah, I guess. You have learned how he—"

"Guess nothing, but obey in all things. Let us descend to your business room."

Levy said not a word until he had reconducted

his visitor into his den of destruction—all gleaming with *spoliaria*—in rosewood. Then he said this, “If, Lord L’Estrange, you seek but revenge on Audley Egerton, you need not have uttered those threats. I too—hate the man.”

Harley looked at him steadfastly, and the nobleman felt a pang that he had debased himself into a single feeling which the usurer could share. Nevertheless, the interview appeared to close with satisfactory arrangements, and produce amicable understanding. For as the baron ceremoniously followed Lord L’Estrange through the hall, his noble visitor said with marked affability—

“Then I shall see you at Lansmere with Mr. Egerton, to assist in conducting his election. It is a sacrifice of your time worthy of your friendship; not a step farther, I beg. Baron, I have the honor to wish you good evening.”

As the street door opened on Lord L’Estrange, he again found himself face to face with Randal Leslie, whose hand was already lifted to the knocker.

“Ha, Mr. Leslie!—you too a client of Baron Levy’s;—a very useful, accommodating man.”

Randal stared and stammered. “I come in haste from the House of Commons on Mr. Egerton’s business. Don’t you hear the newspaper vendors crying out, ‘Great news—Dissolution of Parliament?’”

“We are prepared. Levy himself consents to give us the aid of his talents. Kindly, obliging—dever person!”

Randal hurried into Levy’s study, to which the usurer had shrunk back; and was now wiping his brow with his scented handkerchief, looking heated and haggard, and very indifferent to Randal Leslie.

“How is this?” cried Randal. “I come to tell you first of Peschiera’s utter failure, the ridiculous coxcomb! and I meet at your door the last man I thought to find there—the man who foiled us all, Lord L’Estrange. What brought him to you? Ah, perhaps, his interest in Egerton’s election.”

“Yes,” said Levy sulkily. “I know all about Peschiera. I cannot talk to you now; I must make arrangements for going to Lansmere.”

“But don’t forget my purchase from Thornhill. I shall have the money shortly from a surer source than Peschiera.”

“The squire?”

“Or a rich father-in-law.”

In the mean while, as Lord L’Estrange entered Bond Street, his ears were stunned by vociferous cries from the Stentors employed by *Standard*, *Sun*, and *Globe*—“Great news. Dissolution of Parliament—great news!” The gas-lamps were lighted—a brown fog was gathering over the streets, blending itself with the falling shades of night. The forms of men loomed large through the mist. The lights from the shops looked red and lurid. Loungers, usually careless as to politics, were talking eagerly and anxiously of king, lords, commons, “Constitution at stake”—“Triumph of liberal opinions”—according to their several biases. Hearing, and scorn—unsocial, isolated—walked on Harley L’Estrange. With his direr passions had been roused up all the native powers, that made them doubly dangerous. He became proudly conscious of his own great faculties, but exulted in them only so far as they could minister to the purpose which had invoked them.

“I have constituted myself a Fate,” he said inly; “let the gods be but neutral—while I weave

the meshes. Then, as Fate itself when it has fulfilled its mission, let me pass away into shadow, with the still and lonely stride that none may follow.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

How weary I am of this world of men!” And again the cry, “Great news—National crisis—Dissolution of Parliament—Great news!” rang through the jostling throng. Three men, arm-in-arm, brushed by Harley, and were stopped at the crossing by a file of carriages. The man in the centre was Audley Egerton. His companions were, an ex-minister like himself, and one of those great proprietors who are proud of being above office, and vain of the power to make and unmake governments.

“You are the only man to lead us, Egerton,” said this last personage. “Do but secure your seat, and as soon as this popular fever has passed away, you must be something more than the leader of Opposition—you must be the first man in England.”

“Not a doubt of that,” chimed in the fellow ex-minister—a worthy man—perfect red-tapist, but inaudible in the reporters’ gallery. “And your election is quite safe, eh! All depends on that. You must not be thrown out at such a time, even for a month or two. I hear that you will have a contest—some townsmen of the borough, I think. But the Lansmere interest must be all-powerful; and, I suppose, L’Estrange will come out and canvass for you. You are not the man to have lukewarm friends!”

“Don’t be alarmed about my election. I am as sure of that as of L’Estrange’s friendship.”

Harley heard with a grim smile, and passing his hand within his vest laid it upon Nora’s memoir.

“What could we do in Parliament without you?” said the great proprietor almost piteously.

“Rather what could I do without Parliament! Public life is the only existence I own. Parliament is all in all to me. But we may cross now.”

Harley’s eye glittered cold as it followed the tall form of the statesman, towering high above all other passers-by.

“Ay,” he muttered—“ay, rest as sure of my friendship as I was of thine! And be Lansmere our field of Philippi! There, where thy first step was made in the only life that thou own’st as existence, shall the ladder itself rot from under thy footing. There, where thy softer victim slunk to death from the deceit of thy love, shall deceit like thine own dig a grave for thy frigid ambition. I borrow thy quiver of fraud; its still arrows shall strike thee; and thou too shalt say, when the barb pierces home, ‘This comes from the hand of a friend.’ Ay, at Lansmere, at Lansmere, shall the end crown the whole! Go, and dot on the canvass the lines for a lengthened perspective, where my eyes note already the vanishing point of the picture.”

Then through the dull fog, and under the pale gas-lights, Harley L’Estrange pursued his noiseless way, soon distinguished no more amongst the various, motley, quick-succeeding groups, with their infinite subdivisions of thought, care, and passion; while, loud over all their low murmurs, or silent hearts, were heard the tramp of horses and din of wheels, and the vociferous discordant cry that had ceased to attract an interest in the ears it vexed—“Great News, Great News—Dissolution of Parliament—Great News!”

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVENTURES IN JAPAN.

For above two hundred years, the unknown millions of Japan have been shut up in their own islands, forbidden, under the severest penalties, either to admit foreigners on their shores, or themselves to visit any other realm in the world. The Dutch are permitted to send two ships in a year to the port of Nangasaki, where they are received with the greatest precaution, and subjected to a surveillance even more degrading than was that formerly endured by the Europeans at Canton. Any other foreigner whom misfortune or inadvertence may land on their shores, is doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and even if one of their own people should pass twelve months out of the country, he is, on his return, kept for life at the capital, and suffered no more to join his family, or mingle at large in the business or social intercourse of life. In pursuance of this policy, it is believed that the Japanese government now holds in captivity several subjects of the United States, and it is expected that an armament will be sent to rescue them by force.

Since this announcement has been made, and the general expectation has been raised that Japan will soon have to submit, like China, to surrender its isolation, and enter into relations with the rest of the civilized world, there has seasonably appeared an English reprint of a work hitherto little known among us—a personal narrative of a Japanese captivity of two years and a half, by an officer in the Russian navy.* If we may judge from its details, our transatlantic friends had need to keep all their eyes wide open in dealing with this people.

The leading circumstances connected with Captain Golownin's captivity were the following:—In the year 1803, the Chamberlain Resanoff was sent by the Emperor Alexander, to endeavor to open friendly relations with Japan, and sailed from the eastern coasts in a merchant vessel belonging to the American Company. But receiving a peremptory message of dismissal and refusal of all intercourse, he returned to Okhotsk, and died on his way to St. Petersburg. Lieutenant Chwostoff, however, who had commanded the vessel, put to sea again on his own responsibility, attacked and destroyed several Japanese villages on the Kurile Islands, and carried off some of the inhabitants. In the year 1811, Captain Golownin, commander of the imperial war-sloop *Diana*, lying at Kamtschatka, received orders from head-quarters to make a particular survey of the southern Kurile Islands, and the coast of Tartary. In pursuance of his instructions, he was sailing without any flag near the coast of Eetooroop (Staaten), when he was met by some Russian Kuriles, who informed him that they had been seized, and were still detained prisoners, on account of the Chwostoff outrage. They persuaded the captain to take one of them on board as an interpreter, and proceeded to Kunashir, to make such explanations as might exonerate the Russian government in this matter. The Japanese chief of the island further assured the Russians, that they could obtain a supply of wood, water and fresh provisions at Kunashir; and he furnished them with a letter to its governor. The reception of the *Diana* at Kuna-

shir was, in the first instance, a vigorous but ineffective discharge of guns from the fortress, the walls of which were so completely hung with striped cloth, that it was impossible to form any opinion of the size or strength of the place. After some interchange, however, of allegorical messages, conveyed by means of drawings floated in empty casks, Golownin was invited on shore by the beckoning of white fans. Concealing three brace of pistols in his bosom, and leaving a well-armed boat close to the shore, with orders that the men should watch his movements, and act on his slightest signal, he ventured on a landing, accompanied by the Kurile Alexei and a common sailor. The lieutenant-governor soon appeared. He was in complete armor, and attended by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. "It is scarcely possible," says the narrator, "to conceive anything more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed on the earth, and his hands pressed closely against his sides, whilst he proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely moved one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet wide apart. I saluted him after the European fashion, upon which he raised his left hand to his forehead, and bowed his whole body towards the ground."

In the conversation that ensued, the governor expressed his regret that the ignorance of the Japanese respecting the object of this visit should have occasioned them to fire upon the *Diana*. He then closely interrogated the captain as to the course and objects of his voyage, his name, the name of his emperor, and whether he knew anything of Resanoff. On the first of these heads, Golownin deemed it prudent to use some deception, and he stated that he was proceeding to St. Petersburg, from the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire; that contrary winds had considerably lengthened his voyage; and that, being greatly in want of wood and fresh water, he had been looking on the coasts for a safe harbor where these might be procured, and had been directed by an officer at Eetooroop to Kunashir. To all the other questions, he returned suitable answers, which were carefully written down. The conference ended most amicably, and the captain was invited to smoke tobacco, and partake of some tea, sagi,* and caviar. Everything was served on a separate dish, and presented by a different individual, armed with a poniard and sabre; and these attendants, instead of going away after handing anything to the guests, remained standing near, till at length they were surrounded by a formidable circle of armed men. Golownin would not stoop to betray alarm or distrust, but having brought some French brandy as a present to the governor, he desired his sailors to draw a bottle, and took this opportunity of repeating his order, that they should hold themselves in readiness. There appeared, however, no intention of resorting to violence. When he prepared to depart, the governor presented a flask of sagi, and some fresh fish, pointing out to him at the same time a net which had been cast to procure a larger supply. He also gave him a white fan, with which he was to beckon, as a sign of amity, when he came on shore again. The whole draught of fish was sent on board in the evening.

On the following day, the captain, according to appointment, paid another visit on shore, accom-

* Japan and the Japanese. By Captain Golownin. London: Colburn & Co. 1852.

* Sagi is the strong drink of Japan, distilled from rice

panied by two officers, Alexei, and four seamen carrying the presents intended for the Japanese. On this occasion, the former precautions were dispensed with: the boat was hauled up to the shore, and left with one seaman, while the rest of the party proceeded to the castle. The result was, that after a renewal of the friendly explanations and entertainments of the preceding day, the treacherous Japanese threw off the mask, and made prisoners of the whole party.

"The first thing done, was to tie our hands behind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore. Here we were placed on our knees, and bound in the cruellest manner with cords about the thickness of a finger; and, as though this were not enough, another binding of smaller cords followed, which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work; and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There was the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, on the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together. From these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which, on the slightest attempt to escape, required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places—above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight, that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took everything, and then proceeded, very quietly, to smoke tobacco. While they were binding us, the lieutenant-governor showed himself twice, and pointed to his mouth, to intimate, perhaps, that it was intended to feed, not to kill us."

After some hours, the legs and ankles of the prisoners were partially loosed, and preparations were made for removing them to Matsmai, which seems to be the head-quarters of government for the Kurile dependencies of Japan. The journey, which occupied above a month, was performed partly in boats, which were dragged along the shore, and even for miles over the land; and partly on foot, the captives being marched in file, each led with a cord by a particular conductor, and having an armed soldier abreast of him. It was evident, however, that whatever was rigorous in their treatment, was not prompted by personal feelings of barbarity, but by the stringency of the law, which would have made the guards answerable for their prisoners with their own lives. They were always addressed with the greatest respect; and, as soon as it was deemed safe, their hands, which were in a dreadfully lacerated state, were unbound, and surgically treated; but not till their persons had been again most carefully searched, that no piece of metal might remain about them, lest they might contrive to destroy themselves. Suicide is, in Japan, the fashionable mode of terminating a life which cannot be prolonged but in circumstances of dishonor; to rip up one's own bowels in such a case, wipes away every stain on the character.

The guards of the Russian captives not only used every precaution against this, but carefully watched over their health and comfort, carrying them over the shallowest pools and streamlets, lest their feet should be wet, and assiduously beating off the gnats and flies, which would have been annoying. At every village, crowds of both sexes, young and old, turned out to see these unfortunate men; but there was nothing like insult or mockery in the demeanor of any—pity appeared to be the universal feeling; many begged permission from the guards to offer sugi, conifits, fruits, and other delicacies; and these were presented often with tears of compassion, as well as gestures of respect.

The prison to which Golownin and his companions were finally committed had been constructed expressly for their habitation in the town of Matamai. It was a quadrangular wooden building, 25 paces long, 15 broad, and 12 feet high. Three sides of it were dead-wall, the fourth was formed of strong spurs. Within this structure were two apartments, formed likewise of wooden spars, so as to resemble cages; one was appropriated to the officers, the other to the sailors and Alexei. The building was surrounded by a high wall or paling, outside of which were the kitchen, guard-house, &c., enclosed by another paling. This outer enclosure was patrolled by common soldiers; but no one was allowed within, except the physician, who visited daily, and the orderly officers, who looked through the spars every half-hour. Of course, it was rather a cold lodging; but, as winter advanced, a hole was dug a few feet from each cage, built round with freestone, and filled with sand, upon which charcoal was afterwards kept burning. Benches were provided for them to sleep on, and two of the orderlies presented them with bearskins; but the native fashion is to lie on a thick, wadded quilt, folded together, and laid on the floor, which, even in the poorest dwellings, is covered with soft straw-mats. A large wadded dress, made of silk or cotton, according to the circumstances of the wearer, serves for bed-clothes—which seem to be quite unknown; and while the poorer classes have only a piece of wood for a pillow, the richer fasten a cushion on the neat boxes which contain their razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

But while the comfort of the captives was attended to in many minor matters, there was no relaxation of the vigilance used to preclude the possibility of self-destruction. They were not allowed scissors or knife to cut their nails, but were obliged to thrust their hands through the palisades, to get this office performed for them. When they were indulged with smoking, it was with a very long pipe held between the spars, and furnished with a wooden ball fixed about the middle, to prevent its being drawn wholly within the cage.

For weeks together they were brought daily before the bunyo (governor of the town, and probably lord-lieutenant of all the Japanese Kurile Islands), bound and harnessed like horses as before. The ostensible object of these examinations, which frequently lasted the whole day, was to ascertain for what purpose they had come near Japan, and what they knew of Resanoff and Chwostoff—for a singularly unfortunate combination of circumstances had arisen to give color to the suspicion, that some of their party had been connected with that expedition. But for one inquiry connected with the case, there were fifty that were wholly irrelevant, and prompted by mere curiosity. The

most trivial questions were put several times and in different forms, and every answer was carefully written down. Golownin was often puzzled, irritated, and quite at the end of his stock of patience; but that of the interrogators appeared interminable. They said, that by writing down everything they were told, whether true or false, and comparing the various statements they received, they were enabled through time to separate truth from fiction, and the practice was very improving. At the close of almost every examination, the bunyo exhorted them not to despair, but to offer up prayers to Heaven, and patiently await the emperor's decision.

Presently new work was found for them. An intelligent young man was brought to their prison, to be taught the Russian language. To this the captain consented, having no confidence in the Kurile Alexei as an interpreter, and being desirous himself to gain some knowledge of Japanese. Teske made rapid progress, and soon became a most useful and kindly companion to the captives. Books, pens, and paper were now allowed them in abundance; and their mode of treatment was every way improved. But by and by, they were threatened with more pupils: a geometrician and astronomer from the capital was introduced to them, and would gladly have been instructed in their mode of taking observations. Other learned men were preparing to follow, and it was now evident that the intention of the Japanese government was to reconcile them to their lot, and retain them for the instruction of the nation. Indeed, this appears to be the great secret of the policy of detaining for life instead of destroying the hapless foreigners that light on these shores; as the avowed motive for tolerating the commercial visits of the Dutch is, that they furnish the only news of public events that ever reach Japan. Fearful of becoming known to other nations, for fear of invasion, they are yet greedy of information respecting them, and many were the foolish questions they asked Golownin about the emperor of Russia, his dress, habitation, forces, and territories.

Golownin, on his part, endeavored to elicit all the information he could gain with respect to the numbers, resources, government, and religion of this singular people. He found it impossible to ascertain the amount of the population; indeed, it seems it would be very difficult for the government itself to obtain a census, for millions of the poor live abroad in the streets, fields, or woods, having no spot which they can call a home. Teske showed a map of the empire, having every town and village marked on it; and, though on a very large scale, it was thickly covered. He pointed out on it a desert, which is considered immense, because litters take a whole day to traverse it, and meet with only one village during the journey. It is perhaps fifteen miles across. The city of Yedo was usually set down by Europeans as containing 1,000,000 inhabitants; but Golownin was informed that it had in its principal streets 280,000 houses, each containing from 30 to 40 persons, besides all the small houses and huts. This would give in the whole a population of above 10,000,000 souls—about a fourth part of the estimated population of this country! The incorporated society of the blind alone is affirmed to include 36,000.

The country, though lying under the same latitudes as Spain and Italy, is yet very different from them in climate. At Matsmai, for instance, which is on the same parallel as Leghorn, snow falls as abundantly as at St. Petersburg, and lies in the

valleys from November till April. Severe frost is uncommon, but cold fogs are exceedingly prevalent. The climate, however, is uncommonly diversified, and consequently so are the productions, exhibiting in some places the vegetation of the frigid zone, and in others that of the tropics.

Rice is the staple production of the soil. It is nearly the only article used instead of bread, and the only one from which strong liquor is distilled, while its straw serves for many domestic purposes. Besides the radishes already mentioned, there is an extensive cultivation of various other esculent roots and vegetables. There is no coast without fisheries, and there is no marine animal that is not used for food, save those which are absolutely poisonous. But an uncommonly small quantity suffices for each individual. If a Japanese has a handful of rice and a single mouthful of fish, he makes a savory dish with roots, herbs, or mollusca, and it suffices for a day's support.

Japan produces both black and green tea; the former is very inferior, and used only for quenching thirst; whereas the latter is esteemed a luxury, and is presented to company. The best grows in the principality of Kioto, where it is carefully cultivated for the use both of the temporal and spiritual courts. Tobacco, which was first introduced by the European missionaries, has spread astonishingly, and is so well manufactured, that our author smoked it with a relish he had never felt for a Havana cigar. The Japanese smokes continually, and sips tea with his pipe, even rising for it during the night.

All articles of clothing are made of silk or cotton. The former appears to be very abundant, as rich dresses of it are worn even by common soldiers on festive days; and it may be seen on people of all ranks even in poor towns. The fabrics are at least equal to those of China. The cotton of Japan seems to be of the same kind as that of our West Indian colonies. It furnishes the ordinary dress of the great mass of the people, and also serves all the other purposes for which we employ wool, flax, furs, and feathers. The culture of it is, of course, very extensive; but the fabrics are all coarse; Golownin could hardly make himself believe that his muslin cravat was of this material. There is some hemp, which is manufactured into cloth for sails, &c.; but cables and ropes, very inferior to ours, are made from the bark of a tree called kadyz. This bark likewise supplies materials for thread, lamp-wicks, writing-paper, and the coarse paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is no lack of fruit trees, as the orange, lemon, peach, plum, fig, chestnut, and apple; but the vine yields only a small, sour grape, perhaps for want of culture. Timber-trees grow only in the mountainous districts, which are unfit for cultivation. Camphor is produced abundantly in the south, and large quantities of it are exported by the Dutch and Chinese. The celebrated varnish of Japan, drawn from a tree called silz, is so plentiful, that it is used for lacquering the most ordinary utensils. Its natural color is white, but it assumes any that is given to it by mixture. The best varnished vessels reflect the face as in a mirror, and hot water may be poured into them without occasioning the least smell.

The chief domestic animals are horses and oxen for draught; cats and dogs are kept for the same uses as with us; and swine furnish food to the few sects who eat flesh. Sheep and goats seem to be quite unknown; the Russian captives had to make

drawings of the former, to convey some idea of the origin of wool.

There are considerable mines of gold and silver in several parts of the empire, but the government does not permit them to be all worked, for fear of depreciating the value of these metals. They supply, with copper, the material of the currency, and are also liberally used in the decoration of public buildings, and in the domestic utensils of the wealthy. There is a sufficiency of quicksilver, lead, and tin, for the wants of the country; and one island is entirely covered with sulphur. Copper is very abundant, and of remarkably fine quality. All kitchen utensils, tobacco-pipes, and fire-shovels, are made of it; and so well made, that our author mentions his tea-kettle as having stood on the fire, like all other Japanese kettles, day and night, for months, without burning into holes. This metal is likewise employed for sheathing ships, and covering the joists and flat roofs of houses. Iron is less abundant, and much that is used is obtained from the Dutch. Nails alone, of which immense numbers are used in all carpentry-work, consume a large quantity. Diamonds, cornelians, jaspers, some very fine agates, and other precious stones, are found; but the natives seem not well to understand polishing them. Pearls are abundant; but not being considered ornamental, they are reserved for the Chinese market.

Steel and porcelain are the manufactures in which the Japanese chiefly excel, besides those in silk-stuffs and lacquered ware already mentioned. Their porcelain is far superior to the Chinese, but it is scarce and dear. With respect to steel manufactures, the sabres and daggers of Japan yield only perhaps to those of Damascus; and Golownin says their cabinet-makers' tools might almost be compared with the English. In painting, engraving, and printing, they are far behind; and they seem to have no knowledge of ship-building or navigation beyond what suffices for coasting voyages, though they have intelligent and enterprising sailors. There is an immense internal traffic, for facilitating which there are good roads and bridges where water-carriage is impracticable. These distant Orientals have likewise bills of exchange and commercial gazettes. The emperor enjoys a monopoly of the foreign commerce.

It is popularly said that Japan has two emperors—one spiritual, and the other temporal. The former, however, having no share in the administration of the empire, and seldom even hearing of state affairs, is no sovereign according to the ideas we attach to that term. He seems to stand much in the same relation to the emperor that the popes once did to the sovereigns of Europe. He governs Kioto as a small independent state; receives the emperor to an interview once in seven years; is consulted by him on extraordinary emergencies; receives occasional embassies and presents from him, and bestows his blessing in return. His dignity, unlike that of the Roman pontiffs, is hereditary, and he is allowed twelve wives, that his race may not become extinct. According to Japanese records, the present dynasty, including about 130 Kin-reys, has been maintained in a direct line for above twenty-four centuries. The person of the Kin-rey is so sacred, that no ordinary mortal may see any part of him but his feet, and that only once a year; every vessel which he uses must be broken immediately; for if another should even by accident eat or drink out of it, he must be put to death. Every garment which he wears must be

manufactured by virgin hands, from the earliest process in the preservation of the silk.

The adherents of the aboriginal Japanese religion, of which the Kin-rey is the head, adore numerous divinities called Kami, or immortal spirits, to whom they offer prayers, flowers, and sometimes more substantial gifts. They also worship Kadotski or saints—mortals canonized by the Kin-rey—and build temples in their honor. The laws concerning personal and ceremonial purity, which form the principal feature of this religion, are exceedingly strict, not unlike those imposed on the ancient Jews. There are several orders of priests, monks, and nuns, whose austerity, like that of Europe, is maintained in theory more than in practice.

Three other creeds, the Brahminical, the Confucian, and that which deifies the heavenly bodies, have many adherents; but their priests all acknowledge a certain religious supremacy to exist in the Kin-rey. There is universal toleration in these matters; every citizen may profess what faith he chooses, and change it as often as he chooses, without any one inquiring into his reasons; only it must be a spontaneous choice, for proselyting is forbidden by law. Christianity alone is proscribed, and that on account of the political mischief said to have been effected through its adherents in the seventeenth century. There is a law, by which no one may hire a servant without receiving a certificate of his not being a Christian; and on New Year's Day, which is a great national festival, all the inhabitants of Nangasaki are obliged to ascend a staircase, and trample on the crucifix, and other insignia of the Romish faith, which are laid on the steps as a test. It is said that many perform the act in violation of their feelings. So much of the religious state of the empire Golownin elicited in conversation with Teske and others; but everything on this subject was communicated with evident reluctance; and though, in the course of the walks which they were permitted to take in harness, the Russian captives sometimes saw the interior of the temples, they were never permitted to enter while any religious rites were celebrated.

With respect to the civil administration of Japan, our author seems to have gathered little that was absolutely new to us. The empire comprises above 200 states, which are governed as independent sovereignties by princes called Damyos, who frame and enforce their own laws. Though most of these principalities are very small, some of them are powerful; the damyo of Sindai, for instance, visits the imperial court with a retinue of 60,000. Their dependence on the emperor appears chiefly in their being obliged to maintain a certain number of troops, which are at his disposal. Those provinces which belong directly to the emperor, are placed under governors called Bunyos, whose families reside at the capital as hostages. Every province has two bunyos, each of whom spends six months in the government and six at Yedo.

The supreme council of the emperor consists of five sovereign princes, who decide on all ordinary measures without referring to him. An inferior council of fifteen princes or nobles presides over important civil and criminal cases. The general laws are few and well known. They are very severe; but the judges generally find means of evading them where their enforcement would involve a violation of those of humanity. In some cases, as in conjugal infidelity or filial impiety, individuals are permitted to avenge their own wrong, even to the taking of life. Civil cases are generally

decided by arbitrators, and only when they fail to settle a matter is there recourse to the public courts of justice. Taxes are generally paid to the reigning prince or emperor, in tithes of the agricultural, manufactured, or other productions of the country.

Such were some of the leading particulars ascertained by Golownin concerning the social and civil condition of this singular people. He says, they always appeared very happy, and their demeanor was characterized by lively and polite manners, with the most imperturbable good temper. It seems at length to have been through fear of a Russian invasion, rather than from any sense of justice, that his Japanese majesty, in reply to the importunities of the officers of the *Diana*, consented to release the captives, on condition of receiving from the Russian government a solemn disavowal of having sanctioned the proceedings of Chwostoff. Having obtained this, the officers repaired for the fourth time to these unfriendly shores, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing their companions, and taking them on board.

THE COUNTESS.

PEOPLE who visit a picture gallery for no other purpose than to while away an hour or two of time that they know not how else to employ, will, generally, find little amusement in the contemplation of walls hung round with a series of portraits only; *half-lengths*, *three-quarters*, or *whole-lengths*, are equally incapable of giving to the mere idler the transient enjoyment of a few bright and cheerful thoughts. The painted canvas, which transmits to us, it may be, all we can learn of the forms and lineaments of past greatness and goodness is altogether inadequate to rouse with its "mute eloquence," or to charm with its smiles. Nor is it alone the person represented gazing upon us, perhaps, in silence and solitude, from his quaint and richly-gilded frame, that seems to address the spectator; we see, or ought to see, the artist through his work; for, says Mrs. Jameson, "almost every picture (which is the production of mind) has an individual character reflecting the predominant temperament—nay, sometimes, the occasional mood—of the artist, its creator. Even portrait painters, renowned for their exact adherence to nature, will be found to have stamped upon their portraits a general and distinguishing character. There is, beside the physiognomy of the individual represented, the physiognomy, if I may so express myself, of the picture; selected at once by the mere *connoisseur* as a distinction of manner, style, execution, but of which the reflecting and philosophical observer might discover the key in the mind or life of the individual painter."

Then, after all, what a "palace of thought" is a portrait gallery—what memories may it not stir within us—what feelings reawaken—what substance will not fancy give to those enchanting deceptions, which, by the painter's art,

Bring the long-buried dead to life again!

Inferior as portraiture usually ranks in comparison with other branches of art, viewed historically it is superior to all. But an educated mind is required to appreciate its value in this sense, and to understand the records of which the painted figure remains as the symbol or type.

Now, just to apply these observations, suppose I introduce the reader into an apartment devoted entirely to portraits; we will enter, for example, the Van Dyck room, as it is generally called, in

Windsor Castle. A rare painter was Van Dyck at all times, but especially so ere multiplicity of business made him somewhat careless, and compelled him to call in the assistance of those who were far inferior to himself. Well, as we walk round the apartment, the eye and the thoughts are naturally most engrossed by the portraits of Charles I. and his family, both grouped and singly, and the mind becomes absorbed in the long and melancholy story of the "royal martyr." There is a "half-length" of his queen, Henrietta Maria, a true daughter of "Henri Quatre," a "lively, elegant, wilful French woman," who could rush through a storm of bullets to save a favorite poodle, and command the captain of the ship to blow the vessel up, with all on board, rather than strike his colors to the "Roundhead" fleet that pursued her. Van Dyck has dressed her in white satin, and has beautifully represented those bright eyes and graceful airs which so fascinated her husband, and influenced his fortunes. What a noble composition is that of Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, with all its allegorical allusions to some real or fictitious action of her life, whose mysteries have never yet been revealed to us; a picture of which, Hazlitt says, "it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action while it hung in the room." There, too, stand two young boys together, brothers—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who fell by the dagger of Felton, in the streets of Portsmouth; and Lord Francis Villiers, remarkable for his accomplishments and extraordinary beauty of person, who was slain during the civil wars, at the early age of nineteen. "He stood," says Clarendon, "under an oak-tree, with his back against it, defending himself, seeming to ask quarter, and his enemies barbarously refusing to give it, till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain." Then, again, in one picture, we find two individuals attached to the court of the first Charles—Killigrew, one of the monarch's pages, and Carew, a gentleman of the privy chamber; the former, afterwards the licensed jester of the profligate court of the second Charles; the latter, a lyric poet, of exquisite taste and feeling, and a lively but decorous wit. And nearly opposite these, if our memory serves, is Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, whom Waller panegyricizes, in some elegant verses, albeit her intrigues are said to have greatly perplexed the king's affairs, and vexed him.

This, then, is one of the uses to be made of portraiture; each individual example constitutes a page of history, when the person represented has established a claim to become a portion of it. If this be not the case, still something may be learned from the attributes with which the painter will invest his subject; for, as Mrs. Jameson remarks, "Could Sir Joshua Reynolds have painted a villain without giving her a touch of sentiment? Would not Sir Thomas Lawrence have given refinement to a cook maid?" The picture indicates the artist's mind.

Which of the ornaments of our modern female aristocracy was the model of Mr. Parris' "Countess" we have not been able to ascertain; and it is most probable that, did we know, there might be no remarkable history to relate concerning her. All that can be said of the work is, that it represents, in very elegant style, a lady belonging to the class which, in our own day, more than in times past, find their chief happiness in other matters than political strife and turmoil. The pencil of this artist is always graceful in female portraiture, but his exhibited pictures are few in number.—*Sharpe.*